THE LAND WE LOVE.

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CAVALRY SKETCHES.

Confederate valor does not rest, in popular estimation, on the achievements of Confederate cavalry. The infantry is thought to have won all the victories; the cavalry is charged with our heaviest defeats. Towards the close of the war, when forage and faith alike failed him, the Southern trooper, poorly mounted, roughly armed, and quaintly equipped—picturing Sancho Panza, rather than the "gay cavalier," became, to some extent, the jeer and jest of the army. No doubt, too, a few commands were better known as *foragers* than *fighters*. But the imputation is unjust to the cavalry as a whole. The fame of our noted leaders—Stuart, Hampton, Forest, Fitz Lee, Wheeler, W. H. F. Lee, John Morgan, W. E. Jones, Chalmers, Gordon, Duke and Rosser,is not a delusion and a myth. The deeds they performed justly entitle them to high repute, and fully vindicate their arm of the service from all reproach.

Still, some people feign to believe, the cavalry never did real hard fighting: and a distinguished infantry General hit the popular idea, when he wittily proffered a reward for a *dead man with spurs on*. The delusion proceeds from a misconception of the duties of cavalry, and a disregard of the physical features of the country. The latter forbade the manœuvering of mounted men in large bodies, and required them to act mostly in detail. Hence our great battles furnish no such mounted charges as those of Alexander at Arbela, Hasdrubal at Cannæ, and Ney at Waterloo. The cavalry do not share with our infantry the honors of Corinth, Chancellorsville and Chickamauga. Nor do they count their losses at Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Murfreesboro, Fredericksburg and Frank-

lin. It is, nevertheless, true that immense numbers of the youth and manhood of the South perished in the cavalry service. They fell, for the most part, on the out-posts—far to the front, or distant on the flank: often in single combat, and most usually in skirmishes and actions, of which the general public rarely heard. I claim for these fallen heroes, fighting as they often did, without supports and without the meed of renown, the highest attributes of prowess and patriotism.

To vindicate the cavalry service, and to render to the brave officers and men of my late command, a proper tribute of justice and respect, I propose to publish occasional sketches of the actions and adventures of the "North Carolina Cavalry Brigade." I begin with the

Cavalry Fight at Chamberlain Run.

On the 27th of March, 1865, General Grant was re-inforced by Sheridan with 9,000 additional cavalry from the Valley. Two days thereafter, the Federal commander began to move against Petersburg. On the evening of the 29th, Sheridan seized Dinwiddie Court House. The right of our army was guarded by the cavalry division of Major General W. H. F. Lee. It consisted of Beale's (Va.,) and my (N. C.,) brigades, and then lay at Stony Creek, 18 miles from the Court House. Rain had fallen in torrents, and our column was forced to make a long detour South and West of Dinwiddie, in order to head Stony Creek. Marching night and day, and leaving our trains behind, we effected a crossing late on the 30th, and camped that night on the White Oak Road, near the famous Five Forks. This point is some six miles North West of Dinwiddie Court House, and was then held by Major General Fitz Lee, the ranking cavalry officer of Army Northern Virginia. Next day, March 31st, we moved out to feel the enemy. Our division marched to the right along the road crossing Chamberlain Run near Mrs. Crowder's. The Run is about midway between the Five Forks and the Court House. It was very full, past waist deep, and overflowing its low banks, nearly one hundred yards. The enemy occupied, in force, its east bank.

This was my day to move in front. I had with me, the 1st North Carolina, Colonel Cheek; the 2d North Carolina, Lieutenant Colonel Gaines, and the 5th North Carolina, Colonel McNeill—about 900 men. My other regiment—the 3d North Carolina, Lieutenant Colonel Moore—was back, guarding the trains. As we neared the Run, I threw forward a squadron (Captain Erwin of the 5th) to reconnoitre. As soon as the Federals saw this, they crossed over a mounted force, formed line, and advanced towards us. I was ordered by General W. H. F. Lee, to dismount my front regiment, the 5th, and hold them in check. Protected by forest and undergrowth, the enemy proved rather strong for Colonel McNeill. I was then ordered to dismount my whole command and attack.—Colonel McNeill held the right,

Col. Cheek the left, and Lieut. Col. Gaines the centre—slightly to the rear of the 1st and 5th, the whole supported by Beale's brigade, mounted, and by McGregor's battery,(in reserve.) After a short skirmish, my line advanced, and, under the personal direction of Gen. W. H. F. Lee, rushed upon the enemy with great spirit—the 2d pressing his centre, and the 1st and 5th sweeping his flanks.—Reaching the Run, Colonels Cheek and McNeill plunged into the water above and below the ford, dashed across under a deadly fire, and carried the Federal lines on the opposite side. Numbers of the enemy perished in crossing, and their whole force fell back rapidly towards Dinwiddie Court House. To finish their rout, General Lee ordered up his other brigade to make a mounted charge. General Beale found difficulty in crossing the Run, on account of obstructions in the ford, especially the killed and wounded—men and horses—impeding the way.—His first squadron over, it was hurled against the fleeing foe.—This small but gallant force, led by Colonel Savage, of the 13th Virginia, in person, was some how repulsed, and recoiled with heavy loss,—two-thirds falling in the charge. Instantly the Yankees rallied; and, just then, receiving re-inforcements, they suddenly wheeled about, and, in turn, repulsed my two advance regiments. General Lee, seeing the advantage of the enemy, both in numbers and position, quickly ordered his whole command to re-cross the Run, and hold the West bank. This effected, each party set to work fortifying.

In the midst of these spirited movements, Colonel Waller of the 9th Virginia, made a dash at the Yankee right and captured a number of prisoners.

Our loss in these spirited operations was:

The Virginia brigade, 24 killed and wounded.

The North Carolina brigade, 110 killed, wounded and missing.

My loss in field officers was disastrous. Colonel McNeill and Lieutenant Colonel Shaw of the 5th were both killed: Capt. Harris, acting Major of same regiment, painfully wounded: Lieutenant Colonel Gaines, of the 2d, lost an arm: and Major McLeod, of the 1st, had a shot, well nigh fatal, through the face.

About the time this action began, Generals Pickett and Fitz Lee, with a considerable force of infantry and cavalry, moved against the Federal lines further to the left—up the Run. They were there met by the main body of the Yankee cavalry. Towards evening, it was resolved to attack along the whole Confederate line. When told of this purpose, I pointed General W. H. F. Lee to the shattered condition of the troops left me, and to the hazard of the attempt in my front, and respectfully asked a re-consideration of that part of the order.—General Lee concurred with me. But the order was promptly repeated. The attack there was decreed essential to the success of the day; and I prepared to make it—General Lee leaving the details entirely to myself.

I saw but one hope of success. That was to *surprise* the enemy. To that end, I resolved to feign an attack *in line;* and then suddenly assault *in column.* I, accordingly, deployed the 1st regiment in an open line, some 150 yards above the ford, with instructions, at the proper time, to march across, discharging their carbines—thus engaging the enemy, and drawing their fire. I next formed the 2nd regiment—Major Lockhart commanding—in close column, by sections of 8, and concealed it near the ford, with instructions to charge across and assault the Federal works just opposite, so soon as the Yankee fire was well directed on the ranks of of the 1st. The 5th was formed in column, to follow the 2nd, and, after crossing, to charge to its right—a mounted squadron (Capt. Grier) covering its flank. These two regiments were ordered not to yell, or fire a gun, until they made the opposite bank. General Beale occupied the lines left vacant by me, and took position to give a vigorous support.

At the word of command, the veteran 1st rose to their feet, dressed their line, and stepped defiantly forward. Instantaneously the whole Federal line opened on the advancing ranks of this devoted regiment. But, with a heroism almost sublime, officers and men struggled onward through the flooded stream, firing as they could, until they reached the middle of the Run, when the 2nd and 5th were ordered to charge.—These regiments entered the water at a double-quick, and rushed headlong across. Prompt as thought, the enemy saw the *ruse* and made a signal to change their fire from the 1st to the 2nd and 5th. But Lockhart and Erwin deploying as they charged, struck the astonished foe with the fury of a lightning shock. A yell, a rush, a volley and a cheer, told of victory won.

By this time, the 1st, emerging from the water above, and, responding to the shouts of triumph from the 2nd and 5th, hitched on to the last two regiments—forming a new line, and pressing forward in hot pursuit. The enemy still fought with dogged obstinacy. But nothing could resist the impetuous valor of the gallant "Tar-Heels." The Federals would rally and re-form, only to be broken and dispersed. Thus they were driven over a mile, when my weary fellows were kindly relieved by General Lee, who threw forward his Virginia brigade, and sent the Yankees howling back to Dinwiddie Court House.

The General now found himself, entirely unsupported, far ahead of Pickett and Fitz Lee, and far in advance of the Confederate lines. Prudence required that he should withdraw to a more tenable position, and he fell back half way between the Run and the Court House, and there fortified. Towards night the troops on our left, under Pickett and Fitz Lee, came up, bringing the welcome news that they, too, had routed the enemy, and that Sheridan's whole army was in full retreat. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and none now doubted, that in the mighty struggle then at hand

Robert E. Lee would certainly master Ulysses S. Grant.

General Beale reports his loss as "heavy" in the last attack; but gives neither numbers or names, except the brave Colonel Savage, who lost a leg. My own casualties were, 10 officers and 75 enlisted men. My total loss this day, and at this place, was 30 officers and nearly 200 men—killed, wounded and missing—several of the last supposed to be drowned. Among the slain, besides the noble—lamented McNeill and the patriotic, courageous Shaw, I recall with peculiar grief the sad loss of Captains Coleman and Dewey, and Lieuts. Armfield, Blair and Powell, of the 1st; Lieut. Hathaway of the 2d, and Lieut. Lindsay, of the 5th. Among the wounded, in addition to those already named, I remember especially the dashing, chivalrous, Lieut. Colonel Cowles, of the 1st: Captains Anthony, Iredell, Johnston, and Smith; and Lieutenants Mast and Steele of same regiment: Lieutenants Jourdon and Turner, of the 2d; and Lieutenants Nott, Sockwell and Wharton, of the 5th, all severely. I had only two field officers left in the three regiments: Colonel Cheek and Major Lockhart. The former had his hat struck and his horse killed. The gallant Major escaped unhurt, to get a ball next day, which he still bears in his body.

The loss of the enemy I could never learn.

General Sheridan frankly admits a defeat at this point. In a dispatch that night to General Grant he says: "The enemy, then, again, attacked at Chamberlain Creek, and forced Smith's position." And in his Report he expresses himself thus: "The brunt of their cavalry attack was borne by General Smith's brigade, which had so gallantly held the crossing of Chamberlain Creek, in the morning. His command again held the enemy in check, with determined bravery, but the heavy force brought against his right flank, finally compelled him to abandon his position on the Creek, and fall back to the main line immediately in front of Dinwiddie Court House."

The "heavy force" referred to could have been none but the extended line of the 1st regiment, probably 300 men. My whole command, actually engaged in the last attack, did not exceed 750. Many had been detailed to attend the wounded, remove the dead, &c.

So far as I know, this was the last decided Confederate victory. As such it sheds a halo of glory around our lost cause: and reflects imperishable honor on the troops that won it, especially the cavalry. An impression prevailed in the army of Northern Virginia, that the safety of our cause depended, in great measure, on the defeat of Sheridan, and his haughty troopers. My own brigade was inspired with a lofty enthusiasm to achieve this result. Gloom, despondency and despair had seized the heart of the Confederacy. But the true and brave men of this brigade clung to their colors, and rallied to their standards. With one voice they resolved to do or die. The long and

noble lists of killed and wounded at Chamberlain Run, March 31st, 1865, afford mournful proof of the patriotic ardor and heroic spirit that still animated the gallant sons of North Carolina. This spirit is further shown by the following incidents, known to be strictly true.

When the brave and generous Lieutenant Lindsay fell, his brother sprang, for a moment, to his side. The hero said, "Turn me on my face: *then hurry to the front!*"

Frank Brown, a courier, bore a message to Major Lockhart, just as the latter gave his order to charge. The noble youth, entirely unbidden, dashed to the head of the column, and led the charge, the only man on horseback! For a miracle he escaped unhurt, and, returning promptly to his post, he shouted, "We've whipped them! We've whipped them!"

As the 1st regiment crossed the Run—advancing through water, over waist deep, with a steady step and an unshaken front, under a galling and deadly fire—General W. H. F. Lee, no mean judge, and usually as stern as the Iron Duke, broke forth in a strain of enthusiastic admiration, "Sir! the world never saw such fighting!"

A word as to the sequel of this hard-won victory.

That night the Confederates reposed on their victorious arms within a few hundred yards of the vanquished foe, just in front of Dinwiddie Court House. General Sheridan, defeated at all points and badly chafed, called on Grant for help. The Fifth corps was hastened up, and was so moved as to threaten the rear of the Confederate position. This forced our whole line to fall back during the night to Chamberlain Run, and finally to the Five Forks. There, the next day—the fatal 1st of April, 1865—Sheridan, with rare skill and courage, carried the fortified lines of Pickett and Fitz Lee—capturing 6,000 prisoners and sweeping all before him. On that day the sun of the Confederacy set. Next morning, the long defiant army of Northern Virginia began its final, if not its first retreat. Ah! none can tell the humiliation of those last sad days but they who had clung to the varying fortunes of that noble army, through four long years of suffering and toil. May we not hope that the motives for which this army fought so long and so heroically will, in due time and season, command the respect of good and brave men every where? That its wonderful achievements will add fresh renown to the name and fame of American Freemen? And that out of its crushed hopes and sanctified sorrows will yet spring the true principles of Regulated Liberty, and that it will find its reward in the prouder triumph of Constitutional Freedom?

The writer hopes that the following lines may embody as much Poetry as Truth, for they are, he fears, the sole monument to

LITTLE GIFFEN.

Out of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital walls, as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he*, sixteen;)
Spectre, such as you seldom see—
Little Giffen of Tennessee!

"Take him?—and welcome!" the surgeons said,
"Much your Doctor can help the Dead!"
And so we *took* him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary war with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of a spirit that *wouldn't* die!

And didn't! nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton *learned to write!*
"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then,
"Dear Captain"—enquiring about the "men."
(Captain's answer—"Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!")

"Johnson's pressed at the front, they say!"
Little Giffen was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye:
"*I'll write, if spared;*" there was news of fight,
But none of Giffen! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
All so thoughtless of power and pelf,
And each so loyal to all but self,
I'd give the *best*, on his bended knee,
Yea, barter the *whole* for the Loyalty
Of little Giffen of Tennessee!

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT:

An Historical Romance—By L. Muhlbach, Author of Joseph II. and his Court. Translated from the German, by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her daughter:

We think it was in the second year of the war, that through the blockade, along with guns, powder, percussion caps, and other munitions of war, and along too with coffee, sugar, and salt, crept in a single copy of the original of "Joseph II. and his Court," by L. Muhlbach. This historical Romance was charmingly translated by Adelaide Chaudron, and printed after the dingy confederate style, was caught up eagerly in the dearth of reading matter, and was welcomed with the more warmth, because in the same sort, it was looked upon as the first literary stranger that had sought naturalization in the Southern Confederacy. But entirely apart from the prestige of its introduction, it was worthy of the reception accorded to it. The section of history selected, was well suited for illumination, and the leading characters introduced, were sufficiently well known to every one, to give interest to the delineation of them, in a way more minute and highly colored than belongs to History proper. This was very well executed by Miss Muhlbach, and her Romance had met with great success in Europe, before it was launched on a new career, amid the uproar of our revolution.

And now comes this second picture, in the same style, by the same hand. We welcome a second time a Southern translation. And we can praise it unreservedly.—We have never seen the original, and cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of the translation, but we are sure that it must give faithfully the sense and spirit of the author. Just as we often say, as we look upon a portrait of some one we never saw, that what is so life-like, must be true. The style and idiom are thorough English, and yet the tone is foreign. One or two slight provinci-

alisms caught our eye as we read, all uncritically, and we would not notice them as blemishes even, so trifling are they, but we cannot pass them over, because we in fact relish them, inasmuch as they smack of the sweet South. We, ourselves, often say '*stair steps*,' at home, but think we never heard the word used any where but at the South, and are sure that it does not occur in careful print. So to say, "we made a great *to do*" instead of *ado*, though not correct, is altogether natural and forcible, and thoroughly Dixie. When our translator allows herself the use of the phrase 'it is her'—'it is me,' she violates gramatical rule, though she can plead "the Queen's English" as justification for the transgression.

No one can be without interest in the period of history treated of in this book, and we think no one can read it without pleasure and improvement.

Prussia is now, next after France, the most important kingdom of middle Europe, and at the date of Frederick I. she was removed but by two reigns, from the condition of a not first-rate Duchy. Although Frederick ascended the throne of a kingdom, it was not such a kingdom as that which he handed over to his successor. By his genius and valor he gave it a sudden, conspicuous, and enduring prominence. History does not record a more remarkable achievement than his defence of Prussia during the Seven Years' War against France, Austria, Russia and Saxony, and his retaining at the close, firmly in his grasp, the province of Silesia, his forcible seizing of which, had combined these powerful enemies against him. To this period also belongs that stupendous political *coup de main*, the partition of Poland, the Nemesis of which, presented to view from time to time, frightened every succeeding generation. Doctrines also, civil, political and religious, were now inserting themselves into the frame-work of European civilization, which in the closing years of the century burst, and scattered such fragmentary ruin around.

The author has not attempted to put upon her canvass these larger events. The book closes just as Frederick opens the Seven Years' War, by taking possession of Silesia. This, as is well known, was accomplished by a bloodless surprise in 1741. Of course, none of the great military events of the Seven Years' War, which commenced 1756, appear in this book. For the same reason, we have no account of Voltaire while he was at the Court of Prussia. The philosopher did not leave Paris until 1750. By limiting the time of her story to the period of about two years, that is from about 1739 to 1741, she has foregone the opportunities in the way of material which a later date and longer scope would have afforded. How Thackery would have rendered for us the conversations at which Voltaire and Frederick were interlocutors.—We should have had reproduced the cynicism, the sarcasm, the learning, the wit, the imagination and the impiety of the tiger-cat poet, with imitations by the King, the inferiority of which would

have been redeemed by the direct power of an intellect manly and sincere, though perverted. And how delightful it would be to see described the rise and rapid obliteration of this singular friendship between two of the most intense egotists the world ever saw. To see Frederick kissing the cold thin hand of the poet on his reception at Court, and presently giving orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. On the other hand, to read Voltaire's first letters, telling his friends in Paris that the king was the most amiable of men, and that Potsdam was the Paradise of philosophers, and then to imagine how this amiable king would feel when he learned that on one occasion, when he had sent to his petted poet poems for his criticism and correction, Voltaire had said "See what a quantity of his dirty linen this king has sent me to wash." All this would afford infinite entertainment to the reader. And how Dickens would make us laugh over the scene at Frankfort. Voltaire had taken his final leave of the Prussian Court. His reason for this was certainly a sufficient one. Frederick had caused his latest work to be burned by the hands of the common hangman. When he left Potsdam he carried away with him a manuscript volume of Frederick's poetry. Frederick caused him to be arrested at Frankfort and to be confined for twelve days in a dirty hovel, by soldiers with fixed bayonets, who, besides offering indignities to him and his niece, extorted from him sixteen hundred dollars.

An interest of a different kind would have been given to the book, if the scene had been laid in the time of the Seven Years' War, and Frederick had been presented to us in the character by which he takes his rank in history, that of one of the ablest generals who ever defended a kingdom against overwhelming numbers, while, for resoluteness under disaster, his equal can scarcely be named. Other historic characters tempting to the novelist would necessarily have appeared. Maria Theresa, the Austrian Juno, as Macauley calls her,—Elizabeth of Russia and Madame de Pompadour.

But our author has proposed to herself not so much the illustration of history, as the exhibition of one historic character, Frederick himself, and this not so much in connection with the events of his life, as in his personal characteristics. With this view she has taken the exact time when occurred that change in his character caused, or rather occasioned, by his accession to his father's throne. She introduces him at Rheinsberg, where, a young man married by compulsion to a woman every way worthy of him, and who loves him with all the passion of her soul, but whom he cannot love, and never has recognized as more than a wife in name, he devotes himself to pleasure without finding enjoyment. He loves music, of which he is a master, is fond of ornamental gardening, indulges in good cheer, throws himself with great zest into fêtes and concerts, and above all, occupies himself in writing

French and studying French literature. His companions regard him as amiable, refined, pleasure-loving and frivolous. They await with impatience the time when on the death of his father, he shall ascend the throne, and changing the austere retinue of Frederick William into a brilliant Court, turn over to his chosen councillors the management of public affairs, and share with his favorites, the unrestrained pleasures of royalty. Perhaps this estimate was in part due to the dissimulation which Frederick, taught by the incredible sufferings of his youth, had assumed, but in truth, he was himself unconscious of his real character until it was developed by the great change in his condition. Never were men more disappointed than were those who thought that the companions of the gay prince would mature into the controllers of the easy, young king. Instantly, without gradation, and without exception in favor of any one, he assumed, upon his accession, absolute authority, and all-embracing supervision and control. He asked advice if he needed it, and followed it if it pleased him. He inspected his army, examined his finances, directed the public buildings, regulated his court, his palace and his kitchen.

This change in his character and relations to those around him, our author depicts very graphically, making out of it, one of the best chapters of the book.

We have said that the author has chosen, instead of giving a picture of history, to draw the portrait of an historical hero.—To this there can be no objection, but we think it right to say, that the portrait is so flattering, we might almost be justified in calling it an historical fancy-piece. I cannot better exemplify this untruthful aggrandizing than by referring to the description given of the personal appearance of the Prince in the opening of Chapter V. The passage is too long to transcribe. Suffice it to say that here, and throughout the book, she gives him a beauty that fascinates every woman he looks upon, or indeed, who looks upon him. Now in a note, she gives as her authority, the following description by a French traveller.—"Buste admirable et vraiment royal, mais pauvre et miserable piédestal, la téte et sa poitrine sont au dessus des eloges, le train d'en bas, au dessous de la critique."

The author has treated the character of Frederick as she has done his person. She has made all consistent with the admirable and truly noble bust, altogether ignoring the fact, that some parts of his character would be judged entirely too mildly, if we should only say of them that they are beneath criticism.

Frederick possessed a clear mind and far-reaching views. He was brave, (though he did run away from his first battle,) laborious, and though always severe, just, where his own interests were not involved. He seemed to have had more love for his father than the old brute deserved, was respectful and tender to his mother, and affectionate towards his sis-

ters and brothers. But he was essentially cruel and unrelenting, delighting in rough practical jokes, and finding pleasure in giving pain to others. Especially and inclusively he was selfish. His egotism was so enormous that it embraced his family and his kingdom as part of himself, and therefore oftentimes he labored for the same things that a pure patriot would set before himself. But as it did not suit his plans or perhaps was merely not in accordance with his inclinations, to receive as his wife, his Queen, a young woman of high birth, and possessing personal charms more than usually attractive, a fine intellect, and a most loving nature, he could with unpitying and unrelenting coldness look on her for a whole lifetime, bearing a heart transfixed by his neglect. To his brother he could despotically say, "Crush every emotion. You are to be my heir, and I will not permit you to refuse, nor yet to diverge from, the path of pain in which I have appointed you to walk." He sought to enlarge his territory, not that it would strengthen his kingdom, but distinctly that he might be enrolled among heroes on the pages of history. His movement upon Silesia was bare-faced robbery, though he offered as a pretext for it, a wrong committed in the matter during the previous century, and which had been moreover formally acquiesced in by treaty on the part of Prussia herself. In the course of the war, however, he deserted first France, his ally, for Austria, and then Austria for France, without troubling himself to hunt up a pretext.

Our author does not argue any of these points, but takes it for granted that the whole course of the king was the consistent development of his noble nature. She points to the admirable and noble bust, as much as to say, of course the whole figure corresponds. She means to take a romantic view of Frederick, and there is abundant romantic material in him for her purpose.—Nor do we mean to complain of her historical romance on this account. We only think it worth while for truth's sake, and not out of spite, to point at the same time to the pauvre et miserable piédestal.

It seems to us that the general impression left by a perusal of the book, is rather in favor of Frederick's being a man of deep religious feeling. Not evangelical in his views certainly. This would be too much to expect of the patron of Voltaire. But that he had faith in God, trust in His providence and reverence for His will. This view hardly agrees with the verdict of history. But we must remember that Miss Muhlbach wrote for Prussia, and Fritz is the Romulus of Prussia. He built her walls, and having awarded to him an apotheosis, it would be very ungracious to enquire if the wolf nature he sucked in, did not occasionally break out. Before him, Germany had not produced his equal as a monarch, and the century that has passed since his reign was in its prime, has not seen one arise to divide his honors. National enthusi-

asm to this day is all alive for him. His portraits are found everywhere, and never is his name introduced on the stage without arousing applause, or his character described in books without a welcome. Probably in wilful forgetfulness they think him as good, as he was great. An author of fiction who would be popular, cannot write against such a public sentiment, even if he himself is superior to it.

Most of the characters in the book are historical, but they are given merely as grouping around the principal figure, and are so superficially sketched, that we feel no interest in them outside of their direct relations to the king.

The love part of the story is overstrained and partly ridiculous, and yet quite interesting.—We have three women breaking their hearts for the king, while he cares nothing for any of them, his wife being one of the three.—Then we have two pair of lovers mismated. The brother of the king loves a maid-of-honor and swears to her, in many scenes full of tenderness and love's sweet iterations, which were no doubt very satisfactory to the parties concerned, but which, because of their sameness are a trifle wearisome to the reader—that he will never relinquish her, even if he must endure the utmost rigor of persecution. She avers that she has made up her mind to a like martyrdom if necessary. To the honor of the Prince, he makes all the necessary arrangements for flight, but the fair Laura loves him too devotedly to accept his sacrifice, and disappointing him at the rendezvous, in order to make sure of her virtuous resolution, marries a frivolous moon calf, who is in love with another woman. The prince, after an interview with the king, who instructs him in the code of matrimonial ethics as applicable to those of royal blood, sees his way clear with cheerful acquiescence, to become the husband of the sister of her, with whom, as his wife and Queen, the king lived in such pleasant relations. The other pair of lovers consists of Miss Louise Von Schwerin, a childish maid of honor, of fourteen, and an Adonis of a gardener. These two doves had also arranged for flight, but king Frederick became aware of their purpose, and without ceremony claps young Adam in a mad-house. His guileless Eve is allowed to elope *en regle*, as she supposes, but when she stands before the altar, to her amazement she finds at her side—not Fritz Wendell—how could she? by the command of the king he is a special royal lunatic—but Captain Von Cleist, a gallant young officer, whom the king had assigned, without a moment's notice, to the unusual outpost duty of conducting Miss Von Schwerin to Oraienburg, and marrying her when he got there.—"She gazed down deep into his eyes, and listened to his words breathlessly. His voice was so soft and persuasive—not hard and rough like that of Fritz Wendell, it fell like music on her ear. * * * * * The priest opened the holy book and performed the marriage ceremony." We may remark that the author is inexpert in the use of machinery to bring

about the movement of the story. She supplies herself too liberally with stage contrivances. Letters are dropped and picked up as judiciously as if sent by mail; conversations overheard reveal all that is necessary to be known; and surprises by subterranean passages, and ambushes in shrubbery are continually at hand. This Arabian Nights' Entertainment style of construction prevailed in the old Italian Romance, and its echo in the English novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, and has not even yet gone entirely out of fashion in France. Nevertheless the best hands avoid it, as indicating poverty of invention.

Miss Muhlback is not excellent in finishing her scenes. She sketches rather than paints. The consequence is that the full power of the situation in the crises of the book is never brought out, and you feel always a little disappointed. We take it for granted that a writer who does so well, could, with the amount of labor which we may fairly demand, do much better. The death of the old king,—The first visit of the King to the Queen,—The Coronation,—Under the Lindens, and other chapters that might be specified, have in them much more material of dramatic effect, or deep sentiment, than has been worked up. One chapter however, we would signalize as complete, and at the same time, the most original in the book. It is the Masquerade, and particularly that portion of it in which the Countess Rhedern maintains herself against the Queen Mother.—The Countess was a daughter of a rich merchant of low station. She had consented to marry an impoverished nobleman, in order that she might rise out of the rank of her father, to that of her husband. Especially was a formal presentation at Court the final desire of her ambition. This honor, with difficulty, she was able to secure. At the presentation, the Queen desired not to introduce the topic of her former condition. But the Countess was not content to be recognized as entitled to her place, only as she would deny herself, but claimed it without condition, and in face of all the facts. She therefore takes occasion to speak of her father's position, much to the scandal of the Queen, who presently flouts her to her face. The cool courage of the Countess, however, conquers, and the King upholds her. The whole scene is admirably managed.

We have rarely read a book of so much vivacity in which there was less of humor. One set of characters is introduced seemingly to make us laugh, but very soon the semi-heroic turns into the real, and the Court Tailor dies quite a tragic death.

We have said so much that sounds like fault-finding, that we are a little afraid we may be supposed not to like the work. On the contrary, it pleases us very much. It is so comfortable when books like 'East Lynne,' and 'Armadale' and Griffith Gaunt are forced upon you, because so many people read them and ask you your opinion about them, books of mere imaginings not very coherent, not brilliant, and

not in the least profitable, unrelieved by learning, philosophy or eloquence—to take up what is vertebrated at least by history, so as to give some solidity. To reproduce history, the author must at least read history, and thus he will be in a condition to impart what is valuable. True, you cannot be sure that the view of history presented is exactly the first view. If, however, you doubt, you may form your own opinion if you will take the trouble to consult standard works. No one can rise from the perusal of this book without feeling his curiosity stimulated about Frederick and his period. Let him be acquainted in an ordinary way with the subject, still he will find questions suggested by the minute survey he has been occupied with, the solution of which will require, that he should enlarge or at least refresh his knowledge, and so stimulated, he will take up perhaps Carlyle, and endure better than he otherwise would, the immense tediousness which that most arrogant and thrasonical of writers, in his most unreal and chaffy of all styles, has seen fit to inflict upon his readers. This suggests to us to praise Miss Muhlbach for the naturalness and vivacity of her style, especially in dialogue. We are aware that this conveys a compliment to her translator, and we are not inclined on that account to suppress the remark.

For many writers the material of the book would have allowed occasion to present, as from the king and some other of the characters introduced, sentiments which would not have been favorable to either religion or morality. But nothing that can justly offend is to be found.

We might indeed draw too general conclusions in the way of moral from the book, for the ethical value of which we would not undertake to vouch, but as we are sure that whether good or bad no one concerned will adopt them, they are at least harmless.

One is, that nobody who can help it ought to be a king—the second, that only one thing is more dangerous than Love, and that is Marriage.

SONNET.

"Pity her," say'st thou, "pity her!" nay, not I!
Her heart is shallow as yon garrulous rill
That froths o'er pebbles: grief, *true* grief is still,
Deathfully solemn as Eternity
Thro' whose dread realm its silent fancies fly
Seeking the lost and loved; Sorrows that kill
Life's hope, are like those poisons which distill
Their noiseless dews beneath the midnight sky:—
Their venom works in secret! gnaws the heart,
And withers the worn spirit, albeit no sign
Shows the sad inward havoc, till some day,
(Pledging our calm friend o'er the purpling wine,)
Sudden, he falls amongst us, and we start
At the low whisper, "he has passed away!"

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION.

THE advancement of a people in any art or science can only be appreciated by comparison. Hence the importance of authentic, reliable statistics; yea the prime necessity in all the departments of life for close observation, clearness of detail, and accuracy of statement in the cumulation of *facts*, constituting essentially, as they do, what might be termed scientific history. The establishment of a single fact each day, in the course of an ordinary life time, would form a record surprising indeed; multiplied by centuries the rseult would be almost inconceivable.—Yet how few realize or appreciate the importance of noting what are generally considered little matters. To the ordinary observer they are esteemed of small consequence, but to the scientific analyst they are of vital necessity in establishing what he would demonstrate as truths, or settled facts, viz: things beyond cavil or question. In every day life we become familiar with objects, and common occurrences, which excite neither surprise nor curiosity, and yet connected therewith there may be vital principles involving ages of study. The eye of the infant shrinks from the brightness of the solar rays, but soon dwells with playful satisfaction upon the dimmer light of the taper lamp, and becoming familiar therewith, early enjoys the comforting blaze of

the hearthstone. As he advances in years the youth becomes accustomed to the ordinary and universal application of fuel, fire and water, to the necessities of life, and has a full appreciation of their value or importance in an economical point of view, but how seldom does he pause for reflection or study of the principles involved? And how few know, or care to be informed, as to the theory of heat, the nature of caloric, the phenomenon of combustion, or the power of steam?

To the man of science—the investigator of truth—nature is a profound and boundless study, beyond the powers of any single individual, and although vast stores may be collected by the labors and assiduity of a single man, of how little value are they to his successors, except as elucidated and established principles—or demonstrated facts—they be collated and *recorded*, as practical guides for succeeding investigators. Argument is unnecessary to prove the necessity of a chart to the warrior—of rudiments to the mathematician—of organic laws to the chemist—of fundamental principles to the philosopher.

Mere theory, or ingenious speculation, furnishes no safe stand-point for science—no reliable data for statistic record—for in all the practical relations of life we must have *truth* as a basis for fixed principles. In natural history a single fact is of more value than volumes of speculative opinion.

A few years ago we had the pleasure of meeting with Prof. Agassis, on the sea coast of South Carolina, whilst prosecuting a scientific exploration. The simplicity of his manner and conversation in collecting *facts*, made an indellible impression upon us.—The smallest detail from *reliable* authority was carefully noted and treasured. On the habits of the *turtle* a conversation arose between himself and a distinguished rice planter, who had spent many summers immediately on the coast, near an inlet where the turtle was frequently caught after depositing her eggs in the neighboring sand hills. The Professor eagerly enquired if he had ever witnessed this latter process.—The planter replied, *once* only; and then described the process of excavating the earth with the *hind feet*, and after depositing the eggs, again using the posterior extremities in covering them.—The Professor was delighted and said, "Sir, it gives me the greatest pleasure to record this *fact*—it repays me for a week's sojourn in this neighborhood—you are the first gentleman, with whom I have met, who could give me this information as the result of his *personal observation*." The record of this little fact will be received as *a truth*, and small or insignificant as it may appear to others, to the naturalist it will be an item of prime satisfaction in the general summary.

Observation, reflection, and study are indisputably necessary to advancement, and the progress made by individuals, or by a people can only be reached by comparisons—these comparisons made from accurate, reliable

statistics. Political economists may differ as to the general welfare—modern philanthropists may disagree as to the application of ancient principles—a "sickly sentimentality" may for the time have its sway as to natural rights—divine law may be in collision with human teachings—but as certain as darkness and light succeed each other, so surely will governing principles in the end prevail.

The annals of man are said, by a distinguished writer, to be merely the record of his crimes and calamities—but the record must be *truthful* if *as History*, it is to weigh one feather in promoting morals, or advancing the general good of mankind. The opinions of individuals derive their value and influence from circumstances. The judgment is corrected by experience, and no one will deny the advantages of enlarged opportunities for the development and growth of experience. As with individuals so with nations.—The facts reached experimentally in the camp, and the demonstrations of the battle-field, have in a single campaign developed more strikingly the art of war, than a lifetime in reviews and holliday teachings. As in war so in peace. Military and civil strategy derive their consequence from acknowledged results. The growth of cities, commercial success, and national influence, are results legitimately deduced from certain fixed or governing principles. The mere usages of society are entirely conventional, but the laws of trade are natural and consistent, and their influence will always be felt, in a greater or less degree, according to the severity of their application. The rise and fall of empires—the ascendency or decay of governments—nay, the progress of the whole world, are not matters of mere accident, but the application of certain powers or forces, to certain fixed principles in the economy of life, producing legitimate results.

The records of these results constitute *nationally* the most valuable history, for everything pertaining to wealth, prosperity, and national greatness, are the characteristics and essentials of civilization. The progress from savage to civilized life is as well marked as barbarism and ignorance, compared with education and christianity. The very first step is *providence* for the future, which leads to industry, followed by an accumulation of property to meet future necessities, and to supply ulterior wants, which springs from, or originates, in a taste, or desire for additional comforts. Just in proportion to the advancement of civilization will be the taste for comforts, and as we rise in the scale, will there be an appreciation of luxuries and elegancies.

How far slavery has contributed to the progress of society, learned writers will differ, so long as man is influenced by pique, prejudice, or cupidity. The distinguished Editor of the *Encyclopedia Americana* maintains that "the abolition of slavery in Europe is the *consequence* and in its turn the *cause* of its civilization," for "slavery (says he) is the greatest bar to the progress of society."

On the other hand President Dew (in his masterly review of the Va. Debates,) affirms that slavery has not only *tended* to civilization, but is *the principal* if not the *sole cause*.

It is the experience of the world, that man in his native, uncultivated state, will not labor beyond the necessity for his existence. A mere subsistence is all that nature seeks. Labor is painful, and nature being averse to suffering, naturally shrinks from pain, or avoids labor. It is equally well established that even coercion fails in many cases to fix the habit of labor, and the necessity for the application of stimulating or coercive measures to certain races, has given rise to the animadversions as to the cruelty, injustice, and immorality of slavery. Forgetful of the fact that the Almighty has placed certain of his creatures in fixed positions as "hewers of wood, and drawers of water"—and "servants of servants," the dogma (of human ingenuity) that all men are born free and equal, and with certain inalienable rights, &c., has been advanced in practical collision with the experience of more than four thousand years. That the negro ever was mentally, politically, or socially the white man's equal, is simply absurd—and the attempt by legislation to make him so, unfortunately ridiculous. But there is no folly to which ambition may not lend itself—no crime too heinous for the usurping despot rolling along luxuriously and triumphantly upon the wheels of *party spirit*.—History is constantly repeating itself, and will so continue, albeit the boasted wisdom of the age. If argument and logic could avail aught against the desperation of religious fanaticism—there would have been no imperious meddling of man with the designs of the Great Ruler in fixing the destinies of men. What is civil liberty? It may and does arise from virtue and intelligence; but it is a condition or state altogether artificial. It is an exercise of power by the strong and wise over the weak and ignorant for the protection of society against vice and crime, and for the advancement of the general welfare. "Upon no other ground than for the general good and safety, is man justified in taking control of the liberty, the property, or the life of his fellow man." But the right of civilization to protect itself against the brutalities of savage life is not disputed, and if it can be shown satisfactorily that slavery has promoted civilization—that if under a system of bondage a general prosperity attains—that crime is prevented, and pauperism controlled—happiness promoted—population increased—wealth accumulated—the general suffering relieved, and the good of society secured—then it follows as a sequence beyond contradiction, that that state of society which accomplishes all these things, is not only wholesome, but the *best* for all parties concerned. To elucidate the proposition suggested, although the subject is vital, practically, we feel justified in appealing to those tests which would be applied in any abstract discussion. We will take statistics as the cru-

cible of truth and let figures bear their weight and influence in the elucidation.

In the catalogue there are no statistics more valuable or important than those having a direct bearing upon *longevity*, or the duration of life. We have taken some pains to examine minutely the returns of the United States census for 1850, and to compare three Northern or non-slaveholding with three slaveholding or Southern States. We have taken Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, versus Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. These States are selected to avoid as far as possible extremes of climate. We find in the three Northern, non-slaveholding States as follows:

1 white in every 18, reaches 50 to 60 years, and one in 46,926 reaches to 100 years and upwards. 1 colored in every 17, reaches 50 to 60 years, and 1 in 1946 reaches to 100 years and upwards.

In the three Southern, slaveholding States:

1 white in every 20 reaches 50 to 60 years, and 1 in 11,257 reaches 100 years and upwards. 1 colored in every 20 reaches 50 to 60 years, and 1 in 1746 reaches 100 years and upwards.

Fractions are excluded in the calculation, and in the Southern States the *free* colored are included with the *slaves*, as colored.

From these figures it will be seen that up to 50 years of age the white and colored population of the Northern States possess very nearly the same longevity, (as 18 to 17) but that after that age and up to 100 years the tenacity of life is vastly disproportioned—the chances of reaching that advanced period being with the colored 1 in 1946—and with the whites 1 in 46,926. In the South too it is remarkable that with white and colored at 50 years there is an equality (1 in 20 each)—but that at the end of 100 years the colored stands 1 in 1746, the whites 1 in 11,257.

These figures show conclusively that, considering the *whites* North and South, the advantage is in favor of the South as 11,257 to 46,926 or more than 4 to 1—whilst with the colored in slavery and those in the free States, the South has the advantage of more than 12 per cent., notwithstanding the abuses of the institution of slavery, and the utter worthlessness, and "*so-called*" hardships and neglect of the aged and infirm.—But a Northern writer says, "that the longevity of the African race is greater than of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe." Accepting this as the result of his conclusions, "from authentic statistics and extensive corroborating information, obtained from sources to me of unquestionable authority, together with my own observations," (as he expresses it,) we have a further and more important declaration, "that the mortality of the free people of color is more than 100 per cent. greater than of slaves." It is not our purpose, however, to elaborate this point—as it would prove unprofitable. Nor have we space and time to consider logically what influence is exerted by trades, professions, occupations, &c., in estimating the *increase of popula-*

tion, or what may be due to soil and *climate* as well as pursuits in the Statistical summary of longevity. We would simply remark in passing, that the advantages of the South in such comparisons as we have made (with both colored and whites) can scarcely be attributed to *climate*, considering the miasmatic influences of the largest and most densely populated portions of these Southern States, viz: along the water courses. We simply deduce the fact that under a benign system of bondage the longevity of blacks or colored, and whites, is advanced, and the duration of life promoted. To what degree the various trades and professions are favorable or unfavorable, has been well considered, and we might give ample statistics under the various classifications suggested—as "*in door*" and "*out of door*" occupations—those requiring *mental* and others chiefly *physical* application, &c., showing an amount of very curious and valuable information.—But the declaration is before us, "that laborers in husbandry are considered as a class liable to certain diseases and suffering, from a deficiency of nourishment, and the average duration of life with them is less than with many other vocations." It is sufficient for our present purpose to remind the reader that this does not apply to slave labor. As the institution existed in the United States in 1850 just the contrary obtained.

The negro left to himself as a race has never advanced beyond demi-civilization. and if under the control of a superior race (call it slavery, bondage, servitude or villenage,) the facts are made patent, that his physical wants are better supplied—his moral condition improved, his domestic happiness promoted, his proclivities to vice and crime controlled, and he is made a contributor to the general comfort and welfare of mankind—that system which enforces these results must necessarily prove the best for him, and thus *tend to civilization*. We challenge a comparison of the slaves of the Southern States as they existed in 1860 with any class of out-of-door laborers under the boasted civilization of Europe. But the "higher law" doctrine has prevailed—the "irrepressible conflict" has come and has passed,and the folly or wisdom of the modern Philanthropist is now narrowed down to the simple proposition of life and death—but that death the end of the unoffending negro.—The lucid vindications of President Dew—the forcible and strikingly impartial reasonings of Mr. Jno. Campbell (a Northern man)—the fervent warnings of Paulding—the masterly arguments of Gov. Hammond—the learned deductions of Chancellor Harper—the philosophic conclusions of O'Neal, have all been uttered, but of what avail is argument and reasoning if the results of experience are ignored. 'Twere now a waste of time to refer to Brazil, Australia, the Gold coast,Zanguebar,Congo, Senegambia, Ashante or Hayti. Argument is powerless and the destiny of the negro race in these United States from this day forward, is the problem to be solved by experience alone. The policy of investing him with civil rights is

not an open question. These he has enjoyed for ages. But what social and political status he shall occupy for the future, becomes a question of the gravest import, as it is made a test of loyalty to the general government. Disclaiming most earnestly and sincerely any unkindness to the man of color, but protesting as emphatically against his equality, either mentally, socially, or politically, with the white or Caucasian race, to what extent his *individuality* shall be *legalized* is the question. As things now stand it is idle to charge either prejudice or cupidity as magnifying the dangers already patent, from the sudden and violent disruption of the former relations of master and servant. The newly fledged freedman is now left to himself to pursue his natural proclivities—to promote his personal interests—to consult his individual disposition—to follow his own inclinations and thus to advance, by self-improvement to his highest worth—or to lapse into that condition from which, as an inferior race, involuntary servitude had raised him. Until he develops in his unrestrained experiment of self-control, the requisite characteristics of civilization, viz: industry, honesty, and morality with providence—the dangers of investing him with all the privileges of the body politic can scarcely be exaggerated. The hopes and expectations of the emancipationists, are not in unison with the judgment and predictions of those who claim, and have a right to know, and better understand, the negro character. The future historian will decide the verdict. But as facts are daily developing, having a direct bearing upon the issue, we simply propose to place upon the record, a comparison between the voluntary laborer of to-day, and the involuntary laborer of 1860. This comparison is made by reference to agricultural results, in one of the sea coast crops of South Carolina, less liable to the influence of *seasons*, perhaps, than any other. The question of longevity having been settled by the census of 1850—the return of the next decade will determine the increase or decrease of population under the emancipation act. We propose to show by statistic results, carefully considered, the present prospects of the rice planter on the tide lands of Georgetown district.

The largest body of these alluvions are situate in this District bordering the Waccamaw, Pee Dee, Black, Sampit and Santee rivers. They possess two kinds of soil; stiff clay and black spongy, or myrtle lands—the latter not as productive, but recently rating much higher in productiveness, under a judicious system of artificial fertilizing. These black lands lie chiefly on the Black and Sampit rivers. On the Savannah and other rivers, to the South of Charleston, the drainage is better, and the productiveness greater, *estimated by the bushel.* The grain raised in the District of Georgetown is heavier, however, and in milling takes in the average much less to the tierce—which is computed at 600 lbs. nett of clean or pounded rice. The judicial District of Georgetown comprises two

parishes—Prince George Winyaw and Lower All Saints—and in estimating the crops of the *District*, the two should be combined; which is fully explained in the Census Returns of 1850. (See Appendix.) The body of these alluvial lands suited to the culture of rice is over 40,000 acres, and their past productiveness *averaged* about 40 bushels per acre: varying in the different sections from 20 to 60, and even as high as 80 bushels under extraordinary culture. With a slave population in 1850 of 18,253—and white 2,193—free colored 201—making a total of 20,647—the total aggregate of the Rice Crop was 77,941 Tierces—besides 245 bushels of Wheat, 215 of Rye, 21,676 of oats, and 136,312 of Indian Corn, and large quantities of Peas and Sweet Potatoes. In 1860 with a total population of 21,305, the total aggregate of Rice was 95,127 Tierces; of Corn 148,830 bushels, and of Potatoes 149,800 bushels. In 1866, from a table carefully prepared by Hon. B. H. Wilson, and Mr. S. S. Fraser, it appears that 14,401 acres were planted in Rice, but that 1,451 were abandoned after planting, and that but 12,950 acres were cultivated. This table was prepared when the growing crop was nearly matured, and the estimate then made was a maximum yield of 22 bushels per acre. Since the harvesting and threshing the crop this estimate has proven too great. The largest average crop of any one plantation is but 32 bushels per acre, and but two have reached as high as 30. Whereas the smallest or minimum has been less than twice the quantity of seed sown (estimated at 2½ bushels rough rice to the acre.)

The Rice harvest usually begins with September, and is ended by the middle of October. From late planting this year it was not finished before November. Up to the 1st day of January, 1867, the proportion of the crop milled for market was at Waverly, Waccamaw, 586 Tierces, (commenced November 10th,) at Keithfield, Black River, 650 Tierces, (commenced in October,) making a total of 1,236 Tierces.

The gentlemen in charge of these mills have both written me to say that the estimate of the entire crop for market, from the best opportunities they have of judging, will not exceed 5,000 Tierces.

The provision crops (Corn, Peas and Potatoes,) have been almost an entire failure—certainly not more than would feed the laborers and stock of the District for one month.

To what extent the population had decreased from 1860 to January 1866—by disease, death, or removal from the District—we have no means of ascertaining accurately. But computing it to be 25 per cent. or one-fourth—we have in figures a laboring people three-fourths as large in 1866—as it was in 1860—and the products of their labor in the chief staple of culture (Rice) 5,000 tierces in 1866, against 95,127 tierces in 1860.—Add to this the deficit in Corn, Peas, and Potatoes not justly chargeable to the season, which is admitted to have been unfavorable, and we may fairly approximate to the *industry* of the laborers. Without charging the *freed-*

men with all of the petty larcenies, and burglaries, that are crowding the dockets of our Courts—the next census of 1870, will enable us to decide how far the stock and personal property of the District has been enhanced, or depreciated, to the weal or woe of the public, under the new order of government. The Jails and Penitentiary will bear testimony as to the color and *morality* of their inmates. But we do not propose to enlarge upon the statistics of *crime*.

The fact is staring us in the face that there is a deficit in the production of breadstuffs, not only warranting, but demanding serious and earnest investigation. Where a people are not self-supporting, it is legitimate to enquire whether it be a case for, or the consequence of governmental interference; and whether the condition existing is accidental and temporary, or on the other hand likely to be permanent. This suggestion opens so wide a field for discussion we merely throw it out for ventilation by others.

We are not disposed to engage in a warfare as to the constitutionality of legalizing a large class of government paupers, and then taxing all citizens for their support, when the constitution invoked may of itself be a matter of arbitrary *party* construction. It might bring us further in direct collision with the Freedmen's Bureau—an institution or department of government that may have done some good, but which we honestly believe has been the most unfortunate and fruitful source of mischief and discontent throughout the entire sphere of its action. Whether the wrongs and evils originating there, and which have been so loudly complained of in other sections (not so in this) are justly chargeable to the defects or imperfections of the plan, or to the abuses and usurpations—the injustice and despotism of its military officials, we might not be considered impartial to judge; yet we have a decided opinion and claim the right at least to suggest investigation.—Truth is what we aim at, and a wise and beneficent government should be satisfied with nothing short.—The head of a great nation should exercise ceaseless vigilence in rooting out corruption, and punishing official delinquency or villany, no matter how lofty the offender, or how useful as a party tool in the strengthening of a platform. The permanency of government depends so vitally upon the virtue, the purity, the honesty and equity of its administration, 'twere wise not to submit the balancing of the scales of justice entirely to the hands of either personal or political friendship. But without further digression, let us go back to the tables of statistics immediately connected with our subject. The total aggregate population of this District (Georgetown) under the census of 1850—is fixed at 20,647. Of this number between the ages of 15 and 60—there were 12,064. Deducting of both sexes—whites 1,330 and free colored 114—there remained a slave population of 10,720 who may fairly be considered as engaged in husbandry or agriculture. The gross pro-

duct of their labor for that year was, as follows—

Rice, 77,941 tierces—equal in bushels to	779,410
Corn, in bushels	136,312
Potatoes, do.	145,000
Total	1,060,722

At a liberal allowance of 8 quarts, or 1 peck *per capita*, (whether adults or minors) it would require 13 bushels per annum for each individual—and for the aggregate population of the District, 268,411 bushels—which quantity deducted from the total aggregate of the crops would leave 792,311 bushels over and above the necessary consumption of the District.

In the year 1860, the census returns are, in population,

Total aggregate	21,305
The laboring slaves between 15 and 60 years in the same ratio.	11,000
The agricultural products of this year,	
Rice	951,370 bush.
Corn	148,830 "
Potatoes	149,800 "
Total	1,249,900 "
Deduct for district consumption	276,965 "
The surplus remaining is	972,935 "

But supposing that the population had decreased by deaths, and removals from the district up to 1st January, '66, to the amount of 25 per cent., we should then have had 16,778 to be subsisted at a cost of 218,114 bushels, and supposing the crops of 1866, under this diminution of laborers, had aggregated but three-fourths of the total aggregate of 1860, after the deductions of 218,114 bushels, there would have remained as a surplus 719,311 bushels. Assuming that one month's provisions were realized from the Pea, added to the Corn and Potatoe crops of 1866, there remains eleven months to be provided for, which at 12 bushels per head would require 191,336 bushels. This has to be supplied out of the rice crop, which, after the deductions for seed, has been estimated at 5,000 tierces = 50,000 bushels. Now if the whole of this clean rice were reserved for home consumption there would still be a deficiency of 141,336 bushels, with no allowance for salt, meat, clothing, taxes, medicine, agricultural tools and implements, and incidental expenses of building and repairs.—We have then in 1866 a deficit of 141,336, versus a surplus of 819,311 in 1860. In this calculation, however, there is one point to be explained.

Under the system of labor almost universally adopted last year the freedmen contracted for a *share* of the crops—varying in some details—but *averaging* to the laborers about *one-third* of the aggregate gross product. This placed in their hands, and at their disposal, *one-third* of the rice grown. But a large portion has been expended in making payment to their employers for advances during the current year—and in liquidation of store accounts—all, or most of which, has been *included* in the estimate of 5,000 Tierces to be milled for market. A portion has doubtless been reserved by the more prudent, for family consumption—only a fractional portion of their shares, however, if we may judge from the utter destitution of the majority offering to contract for the present year. It is sufficient for

our present purpose to demonstrate, that in one of the richest, most productive, and successful agricultural districts of the whole southern country—furnishing as it did in 1860 nearly one million surplus bushels of grain—for the general comfort and sustenance of mankind—after the lapse of but two years in the experiment of voluntary or free labor, there should be a deficit or actual failure to provide for home consumption, to the extent of near 150,000 bushels. To explain why this state of things exists is not difficult; to remedy it is the puzzle.

Without providence for the future—without thought as to the wants of the morrow, or necessities of declining age—with no appreciation of the privileges and obligations of the day, to improve himself, or better the condition of his dependent offspring, the freedman labors from necessity, and for a bare subsistence. He prefers little work and small compensation, to industry with full pay, and does not hesitate to say so. As yet no inducement in the shape of monied wages has tempted him to labor faithfully and systematically as of yore. The lands are not less productive—the work not more arduous. Formerly five or six acres of tide land and three or four of upland for provisions, were allotted for each full hand, and our rice plantations evidenced as high cultivation as could be found any where in the country—the system of embankment and drainage being so elaborate as to surprise the stranger. At present, under the new regime, the case is exceptional where more than 2½ to 3 acres to the hand are being cultivated in rice, whilst the provision crops are almost abandoned from the impossibility of protecting them against peculation. The thousands of acres now lying idle and utterly neglected, fast growing into jungles and thickets, loudly proclaim to what this once happy and prosperous region may soon be reduced. What was ordinarily considered a reasonable day's work is now repudiated. During the past year the daily labor in the rice-field did not exceed six hours. In many cases we have seen it reduced to four, with a cultivation so slovenly as to leave no ground for cavil in explaining why the crop should fail. There were exceptional cases, and I would not omit noting the fact, but as a general rule failure resulted from a want of preparation for a crop, and lack of industry in its subsequent cultivation.

And here I would present another difficulty, equally unmanageable. The women, who are most numerous, on all plantations (in consequence of the appointment of men to mechanic and other pursuits) and who are most skillful and expert in such work as does not require physical strength and activity, (boating, flatting, ditching, &c.) most of them have lapsed into a state of comparative delicacy, so that but few will rate themselves under contract above half hands. This reduces largely the effective force of a gang, and tends to great dissatisfaction at the end of the year, when under a division, the

shares of the crop are made pro rata.

To reach the nett profits of a rice plantation, there are many contingent expenses to be considered—some of which depend upon the taste, others the experience of the planter, in calculating the permanent improvement of his estate, *as an investment*. As men differed in their notions of comfort and true plantation economy, in providing for their slaves, and conducting their interests generally—so they differed in their expenditures, and the profits derived was generally much less than was usually supposed. The comforts and luxuries, however, of a rice plantation well conducted, afforded no mean living. My individual observation and experience was that the Rice Estates derived their value more from the raising of little negroes (thereby adding force of numbers to the capital) than by the profits of cropping.—And I here venture the assertion, after mature deliberation, that the *nett profits* of no Rice Estate in this District for the past year, could at the present prices of labor, within ten consecutive years, cover the cost of settling and furnishing the Estate anew, in the same style and condition as it was in 1860.

Could any possible good result from the exposition, we might easily show the capacity of the negro to realize a handsome support from the culture of rice.—But when we see him, deluded by his *so-called* friends, abandoning as fertile lands as in the world—with standing wages offered of $10 per month—with his year's supply of grain, and well housed, with the privileges of a well settled garden spot—the liberty to raise poultry, pigs, and other creature comforts—at the home of his fathers and grand-fathers; when we see him as we have done in the past thirty days—turning his back upon all these inducements, and migrating to parts untried and unknown—to struggle for mastery with the native forests of the South and South-west, under the delusive dreams of a "Paradise," we look with pity upon the weariness and disappointment that must await him. But the sequel is plain, and perhaps irrevocable. The colored man as a race cannot compete successfully with the white, in any field of labor. The two are not equal, and as immigration of the whites is invited and promoted, the man of color necessarily gives way. He must move or perish. Whether or not in any portion of the Southern or South-western States he can find an asylum and home beyond the grasp and endurance of white labor, remains yet to be proven. If he does not in rice culture, he will hardly do so in the cotton regions. The shadows around us point unmistakably to increasing embarrassments with the present generation, and the future of the whites, as well as the destiny of the poor, unoffending negro, may yet present a picture, at the sight of which, humanity will blush and shudder—and the cheeks of modern christianity burn with shame under the tears of bitter repentance.

THE DEVIL'S DELIGHT.

To breakfast one morning the Devil came down,
By demons and vassals attended;
A headache had darkened his brow with a frown,
From his orgy last night, or the weight of his crown,
But his presence infernal was splendid.

In a robe of red flame was Diavolo drest,
Without smutch of a cinder to soil it;
Blue blazes enveloped his throat and his chest,
While the tail, tied with ribbons as blue as the vest,
Completed his Majesty's toilet.

No masquerade devil of earth could begin,
With his counterfeit horns and his mock tail,
To look like his model Original Sin,
As of lava and lightning and bitters and gin
He sat and compounded a cocktail.

But to give, in all conscience, the Devil his due,
He seemed sorrowful rather than irate;
And his Majesty moped all the *déjeuner* through
With a twitch, now and then, of the ribbons of blue,
And the look of a penitent pirate,

Then a smile, such as follows some capital joke
Of a Dickens, a Hood or a Jerrold,
Sweet, playful and tender, all suddenly broke
O'er the face of Sathanas, as turning he spoke,
"Go imp! bring the file of the *Herald!*"

The paper was brought, and Old Nick ran his eye
(In default of debates in the Senate)
Over crimes, there were plenty, of terrible dye,
Over letter and telegram, slander and lie,
And the blatherskite leaders of Bennett.

There were frauds in high places, official deceit;
There were sins, we'll not name them, of ladies;
There were Mexican murders, and murders in Crete,

By the thousand, all manner of villainies sweet
To the *Herald's* subscribers in Hades.

But the numberless horrors of every degree
Did not wholly dispel his dejection;
"The *Herald's* a bore, I'm aweary," says he;
Then, uprising, he added, "what's this? 'TENNESSEE!'
By jingo! here's Brownlow's election!

"Ho varlet! fill up till the beaker runs o'er!"
Cried the Deil, growing joyous and frisky;
A white-hot ferruginous goblet he bore,
And the liquor was vitriol 'straight,' which he swore
Was less hurtful than tangle-foot whiskey.

"Fill up! let us drink," said the Father of Lies,
"To the mortal whose claims are most weighty!"
And a light diabolic shone out of his eyes
That made the thermometer instantly rise
To fully five thousand and eighty.

"I have knights of the garter and knights of the lance,
Who shall surely hereafter for sin burn;
I have writers of history, ethics, romance,
In England, America, Germany, France,
And a gay little poet in Swinburne:

"Reformers, who go in for infinite smash;
The widows' and orphans' oppressor;
D. D.'s, by the dozen, whose titles are trash
To be written with two little d's and a dash;
And many a Father Confessor:

"And besides all the hypocrites," chuckled the Deil,
"Who serve me with *Ave* and *Credo*,
I have tyrants that murder, commanders that steal,
Dahomey, Mouravieff, Butler, O'Niell,
Thad. Stevens, Joe Holt, Escobedo:

"But the man of all others the most to my mind,
The dearest terrestrial creature,
Is the blaspheming priest and the tyrant combined,
Who mocks at his Maker and curses his kind,
In the garb of a Methodist preacher.

"And so long as of Darkness I'm absolute Prince
From *his* praise there shall be no deduction,
Whose acts a most exquisite malice evince
And whose government furnishes excellent hints
Opportunely for HELL'S RECONSTRUCTION."

Then the Fiend, with a laughter no language may tell,
Drained his cup, and, abasing his crown low,
Cried "Hip, Hip, Hurrah!", and a boisterous yell
Went round till the nethermost confines of Hell
Re-echoed "Three cheers for old Brownlow!"

HOLYROOD PALACE.

THREE hundred and sixty-four years have passed since the ill-fated James IV. led his bride across the threshold of Holyrood Palace, and installed her in her future home, amid the rejoicings and welcome of his subjects. All ranks and all stations vied with each other in doing honor to the beautiful daughter of Henry VII. of England, for whom this palace was built, and who, it was hoped, would bring with her as a dowry to Scotland, permanent rest from the oft-repeated aggressions of her mighty southern neighbor. Bonfires illumined the narrow streets of old Edinburg, and the Corporation, 'mid their excesses of gladness, offered huge libations to Bacchus, and the worthy Burghers drank deep draughts to the woman from whom were to descend the sovereigns of the British Empire. Little did man imagine as James, on the confines of Edinburg, dismounted from his charger, and took his wife behind him, that he himself should yet perish by the hand of the people from whom he took his wife, that his son, after fleeing before them and suffering a humiliating defeat, would die an exile from this the palace of his fathers, or that his grand-daughter, after being deposed, would seek an asylum in the land of her ancestors, and fall a victim to the jealousy and hate of a cousin descended from a common blood. The history of Holyrood Palace and Abbey is in a measure the history of The Stuarts—a family whose members have known only sorrow, violence and affliction, caused oftener by their own perverseness and blundering, than the depravity and scheming of their enemies. It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of these places, such a work would require volumes; but in as succinctly a manner as possible trace some events connected with them, and describe the relics of this never-to-be-forgotten spot,

which, in the minds of all men, save bigots, will ever call up tender and saddening associations.—Holyrood Abbey is a memorial of Scotland's medieval christian king, David I. whose liberality to the church called forth the witty sarcasm from his kinsman, James VI. "*he was ane sair sanct for the crown.*" Holyrood stands not alone as his monumental pile.—Kelso, Melrose, Dryburgh and other crumbling remains of antiquity attest his boundless munificence and love of advancement.

The legend connected with the founding of the Abbey, illustrates how ridiculous the superstition of our fathers, and calls forth surprise that men so eminent for learning, and love of the arts, could believe, and defend the truth of such questionable stories.

David was engaged in hunting so tradition says, near this spot, when a huge "*hart the farest ever sene*" rushed upon the royal huntsman and dashed him and his horse to the ground. The king threw up his hand to ward off the blow of the stag's antlers, when there was placed in them a holy cross, seeing which, the deer fled in dismay. Thankful to God for his remarkable interposition, and desiring to give some evidence of his gratitude, moreover being admonished in a dream, he founded in 1128 this Abbey, and in its charter gave to its support a considerable quantity of land, which is now a part of the royal demesne. The word Holyrood is derived from "Holy and Rude," signifying a Cross, as it was "Rude day" upon which David's miraculous escape is chronicled to have occurred. There is little of interest in the history of Holyrood down to 1503. Parliament met, and kings were crowned therein, but these have no very enlivening details which would render them agreeable to the readers of the 19th century. But 'twas at this time James IV. must needs erect him a palace for his bride, and he chose to found it beside the Abbey, within whose walls the Kings of Scotland, since the days of Bruce, had gained their diadems, an honor more coveted, than capable of bringing blessings with it. He met his wife a short distance from Edinburg, and finding that his own steed would not carry double, he leaped from his horse and mounting upon the palfrey brought for the Princess, placed her behind him, and at the head of the splendid English and Scotch retinue rode down the Canongate* to her new home. Hearty and cordial was the welcome given by the worthy Burghers, to the young Queen then only fourteen years of age. For the future they had dreams of prosperity and peace, since at that age England being friendly, the whole world was friendly so far as Scotland was concerned. But these delusions were not of long continuance.—Sad and sorrowful was the parting of James, his wife, and infant son, as he bade them farewell for the fatal field of Flodden. Long did his wife implore him to remain, but his bravery was proof against her pleadings. He came not back to

* Principal street of Edinburg at that time.

bear the tidings of defeat, but in Holyrood there was mourning and wailing, when it was known that James IV. the greatest of the Stuarts, had fallen a sacrifice to his courage and daring, and that his mouldering dust, would not find a resting place in the sepulchre of his fathers.

James V. early married Magdalene, daughter of Francis I. of France. Gaiety and festivity reigned again in Holyrood, but only forty days elapsed, when the young and blooming bride was carried a corpse to the adjoining Abbey, to sleep the long sleep in the vault of the Scottish Sovereigns, and to which, ere long, her husband, broken hearted and unfortunate, would follow her.—James did not mourn many weeks, but soon brought another wife to preside over Holyrood, and in 1538, Mary of Guise was crowned in the Abbey, and became the mistress of a home in which her descendants were to suffer anguish that would surpass any hitherto known *by even the Stuarts.* James fled by Holyrood after his defeat on Solway Firth, in 1542, and died away from his palace, seven days after his infant daughter, Mary, Queen of Scots in Linlithgow saw first the light of a world, which was to be for her replete with trials known by but few wearers of mortality.

In 1561 the Palace of Holyrood became the home of Queen Mary. 'Twas from these windows she gazed longingly toward the land of her adoption, here she uttered the solemn words that made her the wife of Darnley, here Riccio perished by the murderous dagger at her feet, here she vowed vows of affection for Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, here she signed away her crown to her infant son, James VI. and forth from these walls, at the hour of midnight she was hurried by her reforming, rebellious subjects, to pine for liberty within the dreary walls of Lochleven Castle.

We do not propose to become a partizan in the contest which so long and so bitterly has raged between the friends and foes of Queen Mary. They who remember her as connected with Holyrood, regard her as the pure, innocent, helpless but heroic woman, once the light and joy of these walls, and for whom, outside the English nation, mankind has felt the most profound and tender sympathy. Our sympathy begins not here, though if we may so speak, it is remitted back to this place. It dates from the hour Queen Elizabeth made her kinswoman, seeking refuge in her dominions, a prisoner, grows in intensity through the eighteen long and weary years of confinement, and culminates in admiration, when, without a scintilla of right or justice, her blood was shed in the hall of Fotheringay as a sacrifice to the malice, vindictiveness, and malignity of that

"———— false woman
Her Sister and her foe."

James VI. passed but little of his time here. In 1590 his Queen, Annie of Denmark, was crowned before the altar of the Abbey, and not many months later his audience chambers witnessed those fierce and angry contests between his majesty and the Presbyterian

ministers, a body of men too independent and able to permit James to think for them, and consequently, doomed to dissensions with a dogmatist, pedant, and self-conceited Theologian, such as James VI. Queen Elizabeth dying in 1603 the ambition and proscription of James was given a wider field. He seldom came to Holyrood, which he had promised to do triennially, and Scotland was relieved from the odium of being alone, in that she possessed for a ruler, the greatest fool of his time. In 1630, Charles I. was crowned here king of Scotland, and for a season made glad the hearts of his Scottish subjects by a residence in the ancient abode of their royal rulers. A few years later "Charles entered Holyrood beneath the banner of the Solemn League and Covenant" while the Estates had usurped his prerogatives and left him sovereign only in name. Ten years later the Palace that had given shelter to Scotia's kings for a century and a half was no more. In 1650 Cromwell quartered a portion of his forces here, "and either by accident or design, the place was fired and the greater part of the building was consumed"—a building whose stones, if they could speak, and tell the story of those to whom they gave shelter, might relate more of violence and bloodshed in a shorter period than in any other home of royalty in all Europe. Soon after the Restoration, Charles I. gave orders for the rebuilding of his ancestral abode, and entrusted the work to Sir William Bruce who designed the present building. All that remained of the old Palace was incorporated into the new one, and among the memorials thus preserved are the rooms of Queen Mary and Darnley. James I. of England, came hither as a place of honorable exile, when the feeling was so bitter at the court of Charles I. against all in any way connected with Catholicism. After his succession to the throne he began some improvement in Holyrood, chief among which was the fitting up of a chapel for the Roman Catholic service. No sooner did tidings reach Edinburg, that William of Orange had landed on English soil, than angry crowds gathered here and there. Words of vengeance and threats were heard on every side, and by a seeming instinct, Holyrood was the centre for the union of these turbulent elements. An ineffectual attempt was made to stay their progress, but no sooner was one drop of blood shed than the cause of the insurgents became the cause of the city officials, and the train bands compelled the soldiers to surrender at discretion. A wild scene of destruction followed.—The bones of the ancient kings were torn from their leaden coffins, and the pent up anger of years wreaked itself upon all that appertained to royalty. The altars were torn down and desecrated, the picture gallery demolished, and even the dust of James V. and his lovely wife Margaret, for whom all Scotland put on mourning, was trampled on the floor of the vault in which for over one hundred and thirty years it had been quietly sleeping.—

From the union of Scotland and England in 1706 to 1745, Holyrood was given to solitude. Its glory had departed when the Scotch Estates bartered away their nationality, and received in exchange the rich commercial advantages incidental to British citizenship. Once and a while through the forty years, footsteps resounded through the neglected halls, but only when the Scotch Lords assembled in the picture gallery to elect their representatives in the British Parliament. But ere the close of 1745 it seemed that Holyrood was to live again, when Prince Charles, grandson of the luckless James I. made an effort to regain the crowns so shamefully lost by his ancestors. As the descendant of the Stuarts, the Jacobin party welcomed him to the land of his fathers, the chivalrous Highlanders gathered about his standard, and a brief success gladdened the hearts of those who still loved and longed for Scottish independence. Holyrood rang with songs of mirth and joy, and it appeared as if Edinburg would be the gayest capital of which Europe could boast. In a few months there came a fearful retribution, and these brief dreams were followed "by the bloody horrors of Culloden, the scaffolds of Lower Hill, exile, forfeiture, want, the extinction of kith and kin, and many a blazing rooftree, and desolated valley, over the broad Highlands of Scotland."—In 1795 and again in 1831, Holyrood was assigned as a residence to Charles X., of France, the representative of the family who so generously aided, supported, and assisted the last wanderers of the unfortunate Stuarts. The Bourbons found here "the bread they had cast upon the waters," when giving to James I. and his son the hospitalities of St. Germain's.—When in 1822 George IV. paid Holyrood a visit, political animosity and party hatred were forgotten in the universal joy that thrilled every breast in knowing that a king once more dwelt in the royal habitation, and when again in 1842 Queen Victoria, with her husband and children, came to see the wonders of Edinburg, and afford Scotch loyalty an opportunity of displaying itself; for Scotchmen, with all their love of equality and political independency, are sincerely attached to the royal family, and the governor by law established. The situation of Holyrood is far from romantic. It lies at the foot of the Canongate, once the most aristocratic and lordly street in Edinburg, but now representing the dirt and poverty of the lowest class of citizens. Three tall peaks, Calton Hill, Castle Hill, and Arthur's Seat, lifting their summits heavenward, stand on three sides as so many sentinels to guard the solitude and quiet of departed glory, while on the fourth side is a plain leading to the shores of the Firth of Forth. Modern progression, awed by the hallowed memories of the spot, has not encroached upon the grounds about Holyrood, and still it stands, solitary and alone, as a reminder of days that are gone.—Around its historic walls exist the last remnant of clerical supremacy in Scotland, since the fortunate

debtor once within these limits, the ruthless representative of the law dare not bear him away. The privilege is not abused, as but few nowadays are necessitated to accept its once welcome immunity. Immediately in front of the entrance to the Palace is a magnificent fountain fashioned from one at Linlithgow, and erected under the superintendence and at the cost of the late Prince Consort. The ravages of time, the rage of the elements, and the fury of man, have left but little of the building erected by James IV. to receive his youthful bride. Yet these have dealt generously with posterity, inasmuch as those portions remain which above all others posterity would most appreciate—*the rooms which witnessed the sorrow, suffering, and sore trials of Mary, Queen of Scots.* The Palace bears an air of neglect and desertion throughout. 'Tis true that the Queen calls it one of her residences, and is expected to visit here once a year, but it is her home only in name. In through the windows you see the furniture encased in covers, and the hollow sounding corridors repeat your footsteps in so dismal a manner, as to leave no room to doubt that Scotia's kings have fled. The Palace as it now stands is a quadrangular building, with a court in the centre, ninety-four feet square. The front is 215 feet in length, and at each extremity rises a tower four stories high.—A glance suffices to show one that the portion on the left is the remnant of the structure built by James IV. The time-colored walls and age-marked stones bespeak many a contest with the relentless destroyer of all that is human. Architectural beauty, Holyrood has none. The styles are strangely mingled, and its proportions do not strike the eye as tasteful. The grand entrance is composed of four heavy columns, over which are the arms of Scotland, surmounted by a tower, terminating with an imperial crown. The first turn on the left leads to the Picture Gallery, around the walls of which are hung 100 fanciful portraits of the Scottish kings, dating as far back as the time of Fergus I. 330 B. C. The room is chiefly interesting as the place in which the Lords of Scotland elect their Representative Peers, and where Prince Charles held his court during his brief reign in 1745. Coming again to the stairway you enter Lord Darnley's apartments, consisting of an Audience Chamber, Bed room, and Dressing room. Ancient tapestry of an elaborate pattern, and some antique paintings are all that adorn the walls. But all this while one is impatient, for the Picture Gallery and Darnley's Rooms are not what brought pilgrims hither. Passing back and ascending a narrow stone stair you are ushered into what the sympathy and pity of mankind has transformed into the most interesting suite of rooms in the world——"*Queen Mary's Apartment.*" The Audience Chamber is 22 feet square, with windows looking North and South, guarded by iron bars.—Occupying one side is the bed used by Charles I. when a resident here, as also by his relative, Prince

Charles, in 1745. "The ceiling is composed of panelled compartments, and is marked by the armorial bearings of numerous royal personages." It too is adorned with tapestry of an ancient pattern, and in one corner is a chair embroidered by the fair hands of Queen Mary. Here she met the noble men and counsellors of her Court, here she encountered the bold and fearless Knox, here she shed tears at the rebellion of those, whom her power was impotent to stay, and here charmed those who came beneath the influence of her loveliness and winning beauty. Passing through you come to her bed-room, somewhat smaller than her Audience Chamber, with iron-barred windows facing South and West.—Here stands her bed hung with crimson damask and green silk, crumbling to dust. On the pillow lies the last remnant of her blankets, and near by a work-box of her own braiding. On one side is Mary's dressing room.—"A little apartment ten feet square, hung with decoying tapestry," and on the other, the entrance to the secret stair communicating with Darnley's rooms up which came the murderers of Riccio. Directly opposite the main door, is "Queen Mary's supping room, in which she was engaged with her friends when the conspirators came to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate Italian. It is very small, containing a table on which lies Darnley's armour, and a chair supporting the marble block upon which Mary knelt when promising to be true and faithful to the man who blighted her happiness, and brought upon her inexpressible woe. Imagination carries us back to the evening of March 9th, 1566. Cautiously and stealthily a body of men enter the grounds of Holyrood, and by a small iron gate, are admitted to the stairway leading to Darnley's rooms. Here each with a beating heart and trembling pulse is assigned the place allotted him in the fearful drama about to be enacted.—Again and again are the parts rehearsed, while their eyes glisten with the prospect of near success. Darnley leaves them, and passing up the secret passage to Queen Mary's apartment, suddenly lifts the curtain and enters the little supping room, where Mary and guests sit all unconscious of the frightful deed so near consummation. Darnley disguising his infamy with conjugal tenderness, throws his arm about Mary's waist, and seats himself at the table. Rudely the curtain again is lifted and Lord Ruthven, clad in armour, pale and ghastly looking, enters. Mary alarmed, commands the intruder to leave, the noise of heavy footsteps is heard on the little stairway, armed men with blazing torches fill the room, the table with candles and dishes is overturned, and Ruthven plunges his dagger through Riccio, who terror-stricken, clings to the Queen's gown, crying for justice and safety. Now Ker places his pistol at the bosom of the unprotected woman, commanding her to be silent upon the pain of death, while Darnley unlooses the death-like grasp of the murdered man. Now the body of the

Italian is dragged through the Audience Chamber, the conspirators stabbing it furiously as they hurry along. Pierced by 56 wounds they leave him to welter in his gore at the head of the stairway, where the indelible stains remain after the lapse of 300 years. The bloody work done, Ruthven staggers into the Queen's apartment asking for wine, and Mary sits trembling in the turret room where word is brought her that Riccio is dead. Pilgrims from every land gather here, and pay homage to the memory of Queen Mary. Grass and daisies grow over the spot where she swore to love Darnley, and the old Abbey with the palace may crumble to ruins, but she will ever have a place in the hearts of a sorrow-pitying world. Climb the steep ascent to the Castle of Edinburg, and in her chamber there, gaze upon her loveliness as delineated by the artist *Furino* and you will come away feeling.

"If to her lot some human errors fall
Look to that face, and you'll forget them all."

DIRGE FOR THE SLAIN.

Dark was the battle-field—dark with the carnage,
Red with the blood of the wounded and slain,
Low plaintive moanings broke on the night-winds,
Moanings of anguish—moanings of pain.

Pale gleamed the moonlight o'er the dead warriors,
Sad looked the stars on that desolate sight,
Proud forms had perished that day in the battle,
Fond hopes had died midst the thickest of the fight.

Hoof-trodden, scarred by the sword and the sabre,
All showed the place where the foemen had striven,
Mournfully mingled the laurel and the cypress,
Broken hearts wept for the ties that were riven.

Sad sighed the winds-spirit mid the lone branches,
Sad as a requiem or dirge for the slain,
Pale watchers looked from their lone, far off dwellings,
Dreaming of loved ones they would meet not again.

Paused I a moment beside a bold warrior,
Slowly his spirit was passing away,

Grasped in his hand was the standard of battle,
Bravely he had fought for his country that day.

"Scenes of my childhood," he murmured in sadness,
"Wife of my bosom and children, adieu,
Farewell, my country, I have fought for your freedom,
There are tears for my loved ones, but glory for you."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "LOST CAUSE."

BY A SOUTHERN CAVALRY OFFICER.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Gentle reader, mayhap we shall commune together often. The veteran soldier is notedly garrulous over his old campaigns.—And this is particularly so, when he has but his misfortunes and honor left to him. He consoles himself for the sad doom of defeat, with the proud memory of heroism. He drowns the gloomy recollection of disaster, in the stirring consciousness of stern manhood. And the glory of dauntless courage sheds a lustre even over the remembrance of melancholy failure.

We are in another world as we take up the pen to recount the past. The desolate present is forgotten, and the varied vista of unchangeable *by-gones* fills the rapt mind. We have surrounded ourselves with a mute multitude of eloquent relics to assist us in our chronicles.

On that chair lies the soiled old grey coat with a patch on the waist before and behind, where a bullet came crashing clear through one brilliant May day, and spilt more of our blood on mother earth than we would care, or could well afford, upon any single occasion, to lose again; and we tear open our vest and shirt, and there is the dull round little damask mark on the white skin, that the envious missile left, as the tidy, proud and ineffaceable little signet of its triumphal march through our own sacred corporosity. And the coat has some tarnished, weather-beaten lace on the sleeves, and some rusty frazzled stars on the collar, and several more ominous little holes—dumb, yet eloquent mouths they

are—in the skirt and arms of the trusty and tried old garment.

And there is a broad-brimmed, flabby, shapeless, soft old hat, gorgeous with mud-stains, innocent of a band, a sly expression of jolly poverty in its gaping embrazures, and with its own little heroic hole—a tiny clear one it is—round as a button, smooth-rimmed as glass, and not at all venomous, and we think of a rushing charge, an overwhelmed repulse, and a dauntless irresistible rally, and the old hat raised to move with the ringing shout of encouragement, and just as the old thing, then in a spruce state of martial foppery, left the head on its gyrating mission, the cruel ball tore incontinently through it, clipping a bonny lock of hair for memory.

And there hangs, (and one's eyes will moisten at its silent decrepitude and mournful rest,) my battered sabre, gripe shot away, blade broken and linked with wire to hold its fragments together for "auld lang syne," and the old thing fairly talks—aye! talks such leaping memories, that the heart bounds against the ribs in the delirious excitement of battle, and then—why it is over—the feelings settle into tameness, and the sabre hangs harmless and despondent, and we pursue our inventory with a shaking hand.

And we walk to the glass, and peer in wistfully, and raise the hair from the pale temple with the right hand, and we see a long, white throbbing line stretching across the temple, and traveling, how far we dare not tell for fear of incredulity, into and under the wavy tresses, and at its magic spell, we are on our plunging steed, and iron blade clashes against blade, and pistols clang quick and sharp, and oaths are muttered deep, and horsemen roll in dust, and we cut wildly at the flashing steel and the dark blue in front and around us, and Death stalks in high glee, and exercises his most grotesque ingenuity in marring God's image, and in a blaze of fiery delirium we feel something we know not what, and our head seems hurled to the stars, and the stars swarming in huge tumultuous armies through our brain, and we reel with suspended and suspending vitality, until principalities and powers and battles, and life, fade, fade, fade away, and——we look in the glass and think of that horrible moment when we awoke to bloody consciousness, and the poor aching mangled head was an unutterable nuisance for so many weary days.

And here, ah! we nigh forgot it, is the saddest orator of those turbulent yet glorious days—here hangs an armless sleeve, and it tells like a clarionet of—but we wont follow the garrulous impulse—we will just say that one of those dashing war days resulted in our having to hunt up a substitute to help tie our cravat, and cut up our dinner, and manipulate our buttons into their proper places, and put on our coat, and other similar little necessary offices, requiring one more hand than we possess, and now so sweetly rendered that we are almost reconciled to our loss in that stern fight, when we conquered, though at a large price of martyred valor,

and a huge sacrifice of exalted patriotism.

And those spurs with their merry jingle of martial music; and that shattered pistol, the unfailing friend in many a tough melee, now so silent and maimed, and probably yearning for its companion, that was gobbled up familiarly one dusky afternoon by a covetous trooper of Sheridan's, when that officer commanded a Michigan regiment of cavalry in Mississippi under jolly Gordon Granger, and when we plunged headlong, over about one hundred and fifty of his men, on a horse we couldn't stop, with our most seductive persuasion; and the blackened gauntlets, rent and worn and shapeless —they all talk.

And there is a tangled mass of papers of all sizes and complexions—orders, commissions, reports, passes, communications, written and printed, from every source, President to private, in every conceivable hand-writing, directing advances, ordering retreats, instructing movements, complimenting for successful actions, recommending for promotion, begging furloughs, making altogether such a mammoth batch of memorials, and so confusedly weaving up our military record, that we have never been able to sort them out, and we shrink from the task of hunting for what we wish, and we hug the dear old hotch-potch of papers to our bosom as they recall consecutively the proud reminiscences of past glory and knightly service for the poor Southern matrix, we so fondly loved and vainly fought for.—The vision lingers on many a name in its own peculiar chirography, that has rung like a trumpet in immortal deeds, and will still ring in the admiration of a wondering world hereafter. There peeps out the stately signature of grand old Lee, the hurried illegible scratch of the dashing Forrest, the singular scroll of the indomitable Hardee, the peaked scribble of the gallant little Wheeler, the smooth caligraphy of the chivalric Beauregard, the jerking scrawl of the fiery Texan, Wharton, the characteristic attestation of the iron Bragg, the impressive stamp of peerless Joe Johnston, the Irish seal of the stern Cleburne, the polite meander of the courtly Buckner, the benevolent chirography of heroic Sidney Johnston, and a host of other genuine and distinguishing signmanuals, all jumbled in careless and curious juxtaposition.

These dear treasured relics lie around me, the old familiar mementoes of four long superb years of perils braved, sufferings endured, glories done, gallantry lavished, blood spilt, wealth lost, and ruin gained in a wrecked cause.—I love the old fragments—their desolation symbols my own sad loneliness, my own crushed hopes and destroyed fortunes. Dear companions of those iron days! they have shared my fall, I can but in common gratitude prattle of their achievements.

Ah! we shall talk history, reader, veritable history. We have no need of embellishment or fiction, the fabrications of fancy, or the gilt coloring of dreaming romance. We can invent nothing to equal the reality we have seen

and experienced. Nor shall we give the reports of battles. The records of our late so-called Confederate War Department, and the truthful narratives of our surviving Southern Generals, will do up the big fights better than we can. The former are in the possession of our puissant Government, and the latter are yet trammelled, but we leave them to speak for themselves, as they will some day, when they are permitted to talk.

But we shall write history, none the less important because the less grand, and none the less true because scribbled at random, without order or elaboration. History is a vast stream into which enter multitudinous tributary rills of petty detail and subordinate minutiæ. And we hold it the solemn duty of our surviving Southern participants in the late Revolution to chronicle honestly for preservation and for the use of the great historian, who, at some future day, when the passions of the hour have subsided, and contemporary prejudices have dissolved in the crucible of disinterested and impartial truth, is to do the great work of doing justice to the Lost Cause, every fact, no matter how trivial, every incident, no matter how slight, and every just reflection, no matter how seemingly unimportant, that is a part of, and bears upon, our great civil struggle. To make the history complete, we need something more than big events. These constitute the skeleton of history. The bare frame must be filled out and robed and colored in the living hues of breathing health.—We want something more than the grim bones. We must all give our honest contributions to the great work, so that when it does come forth, when the mightiest event of human occurrence stands recorded, truly, entirely and competently, it will be a robust, eloquent and sublime vindication of a virtuous people in a conscientious effort for the sake of what they believed sincerely to be rational and enlightened liberty.

Coming back from our digression, let us modestly state that our contribution will be modest indeed. We shall tell anecdotes of camp, incidents of marches, particulars of individuals, scraps of chat with generals, jottings of adventure, special movements in great programmes—all true, all real, all unvarnished.

To discuss the causes of the war were bootless. We were honest in our convictions of right. God has seen fit to chastise us with defeat. We must bear with fortitude as we struggled with courage. We must be patient in adversity as we were heroic in action. And as we fought in dead earnest, we must submit in good faith. We must try and rise out of our prostration with manly resolution. We must cultivate friendly relations with our old foemen, and merit magnanimity by kind feeling and unfailing integrity, as we forced respect by bold antagonism and desperate courage.

But our antagonists have a duty to perform as well as we.—They must not make an unworthy use of victory. They must not use power to oppress, triumph to

insult, or success to avenge.—As they were strong, they must be generous, as they were successful they must be conciliatory, as they were victorious, they must be humane. Tyranny will tarnish power, injustice will degrade strength, inhumanity is a blot upon civilization. They cannot win affection by unkindness, they cannot mitigate bitternesss by abuse, they cannot reconcile estrangement by proscription. Chagrin is natural to disappointment, and had best be soothed by tenderness. We are down, but prostration can be rendered worse than death by the utter ruin of hope, and it is best not to drive disappointed men to desperation. The glory of a won cause can be forfeited by its ignominious enjoyments, and merited success becomes bad by its abuse. Seek rather to woo than repel us. Trust more to our honor than you distrust our faith, and make fidelity a dutiful gratitude for kindness,and not hate an inevitable fruit of oppression.

As we figure occasionally in these Recollections in our own proper person, and as we propose to talk frankly, and must call ourself something, and we cannot exactly bear the imputation of egotism growing out of so conspicuous an identification as the use of our own veritable name, we will assume for convenience another designation and call ourself Sydney. We loved, in our boyhood's days, to read of that "Brooch of Queen Elizabeth's Court"—that mirror of unspeakable chivalry, whose heroic character and still more heroic death immortalized so young a man.—And there is this remarkable feature of his fame, that he did little in quantity to eternize himself, but the beauty and exquisiteness of his manhood will carry him enviably to the admiration of posterity along with the actors of great deeds. We have in our library an old edition of his quaint Arcadia, which we prize with an unquenchable fondness, and which some martial Bohemian in Sherman's army on its grand march laid his predatory paws upon with felonious intent, but our mother, knowing our partiality and bibliophilistic proclivities, plead so eloquently for the retention of our treasure, that the library marauder, in a novel spasm of relenting compunction, wavered a second, and before he had time to recover, instantaneous though the relapse was, she had spirited the tome away from his greedy vision. But, alas, we paid dearly for that astounding and momentary compunction. In a mingled paroxism of indignation and remorse at yielding to so inconsistent a feeling of honesty, the Bohemian pounced savagely upon a score of our other antique treasures, including some of our rarest and most dainty possessions—a superb edition of "Boswell's Johnson"—a magnificent set of genial "Irving"—some beautiful volumes of ancient classics—attractive copies of "Asmodeus," and "Gil Blas," and "Anastasius" and "Grammont's Memoirs," and "Rabelais," and a host of other departed loves. We avow the gentle hope that the literary swashbuckler who appropriated them, went blind reading them, and that they tumbled on

his head and cracked his skull, and finally that the astounding little spark of compunction that he exhibited, to his own stupendous amazement, may increase to a flame and burn him up.

We named for Sydney our favorite horse in memorable old ante-Revolution days, when we were able to own a genuine horse. We loved him (the man not the horse) as the embodiment of gentleness and courage, purity and strength, virtue and manhood, courtesy and high spirit, truth and usefulness—of every golden quality that makes a perfect man.—Our sweet little sister had a pet bird whose soft warblings to this sad day we can vividly recall, and we named it Sydney, when called by her sisterly fondness to bestow a name upon the loved favorite. And our maturer manhood has riveted that boyish admiration of that glorious, gentle, sweet, chivalric character. So we don that superb individuality we love so much, in full respect for lofty and shining manhood, and announce ourself with grave satisfaction as —Philip Sydney.

We began as a private in infantry May 21, 1861. Well do we remember that day and its stirring scenes. It would have enthused a stone. The impulse to war ran like electricity through the hot land. The contagion was volcanic in its heat, resistless in its influence, maddening in its spell.—The tocsin rang with pealing echoes from one horizon to the other. From the vales and hills, the palaces and huts, the streets and forests, the fields and cities, the colleges and plows, swarms of fiery patriots sprang deftly to arms. Cadmus had converted the whole soil of a gigantic land to his stern uses. It was a world of dragon's teeth as dense as a night of stars. The sense of wrong pervaded every seething bosom.—Some had held back in the council, but the moment of action decided the timid, fixed the unsettled and roused the wavering.—The hilt was grasped, the sword drawn, and with one mighty effort of Titanian unanimity the scabbard was sent hurtling to the winds. There is no excitement that can touch the inception of a grand revolution. The throes of the human pulse have a fury then they never know otherwise. It is worth a life-time of common existence to experience one hour of its wild fervor. Great God! at this sere and tame moment of retrospection I can feel its madness, and the heart pants like an earthquake under its remembrances of phrenzy.

The place is Savannah in the good old land of Oglethorpe, Georgia,—the honorably designated "Empire State of the South:" the scene is a room in the venerable Exchange building, on Bay street, at the head of Bull street. In this ancient building the city fathers hold their convocation, grave public meetings are held, and big public questions are discussed. From its tall spire the whole city in its widest amplitude of roof and steeple can be seen.—Here the city clock announces to the throbbing flow of human life circulating in the busy arteries beneath the ceaseless and steady tramp of time. Here hour after

hour, in the solemn and silent night, the vigilant watchman wakefully articulates to the sleeping denizens and the listening stars, the soothing intelligence that "ALL IS WELL," or, discovering with watchful eye the incipient germ of rushing ruin in some dark and distant building, rouses the calm and happy dreamers by shouting in thunder tones the awful cry of Fire! Fire! Fire!! and perhaps awakens them to the lurid destruction of their earthly tabernacles in the mysterious darkness; and the fierce, deep tolling of his huge bell rings a startled people to the melancholy wreck of many a fond and beautiful home.

The time is night; a few candles shed a sombre light upon a mass of young men seated regularly around the room, all eager, silent, throbbing. The youthful chairman arises: he briefly states that their Captain has telegraphed the passage by the Confederate Confederate Congress, and approval by the President, at Montgomery, Ala., of a bill authorizing the President to receive troops *for the war* in any organization, and that the meeting was called to enable them to act on this fact. An excitement at white heat prevailed, but not a word at first breaks forth. They are the grimmest looking youths we ever saw—all young, all unmarried with one or two exceptions, all gentlemen, all educated, all finely born and bred. The writer of this paper arose and moved that the company enlist for the war, be it a year or a century, and that all willing to go, walk to the table and sign their names. Slowly and silently and sternly they stalk martially to the table and write. And the first was private Holmes, we forget his first name, but it matters little. Yet, he, reader, was the first Confederate soldier in the great revolution, who enlisted for the war. Honor to his memory. Glorious boy! first in the fight, and the last to leave it, ever present for duty, marching, working, or battling, cool, laughing, tireless, cheerful, wading from fight to fight, unscathed, until it was believed he bore a charmed life, he at length fell on the field he so honored, and sleeps that gaunt slumber that knows no waking.

We have alluded to our captain. Bow the head, reader, for we approach sacred ground. General Francis S. Bartow—the first great and conspicuous martyr of the Southern cause—was that captain. He had been the founder, and for years, the captain of our volunteer company—"The Oglethorpe Light Infanty." He was one of the finest lawyers in our State—an acute, learned and impassioned advocate — was our appreciated member of Congress, and held the important position of Chairman of the Military Committee—was honored, trusted and respected by the Confederate leaders as a brilliant statesman and honest counsellor. Just in the prime of his faculties, rising at big bounds to distinction, ardent, chivalric, eloquent, able, cultivated, virtuous, he loomed out a strong and growing figure upon the public canvass. Bold in decision, ready in wit, acute and strong in mind, magnanimous in character, scorning

littleness with a holy and implacable hatred, too innocent to know, and too pure to use the ordinary artifices of political chicanery for success, and hence long kept away from the goal of his high ambition, but finally winning preëminence by the simple and coerced recognition of his unbending integrity, generous almost to extravagance, chivalric to a chimera, he was a royal gentleman. The fervor of his temperament, and the tenacious enthusiasm of his convictions had rather created the idea that he was at times quixotic and impractical. About forty years of age, with a large, light eye, a broad expansive forehead, hair rather scanty, a jaw indicating firmness, a solid, rather square-set figure, and a habit of restlessness, showing the nervous energy and fiery impatience of his character, with a genial smile and a countenance open and sunny as a bright day, with a clear, hearty, ringing intonation of voice, articulating distinctly every syllable he spoke, and always so earnest. Who is there that knew him, that will not recall at this description, our genial, heroic, Bartow—one of the historic men of our big Rebellion, whose eloquence materially assisted to drive the movement to burst, and whose strong head and bold resolution helped so much to mould its first fiery throes, and who, in the manner of his death, has won a magnificent immortality.

The company was offered and accepted, and thus to the "Oglethorpe Light Infantry," of Savannah, Georgia, belongs the honor of being the first body of troops that enlisted *for the war* in the Confederate army. On the 21st day of May, 1861, we were mustered into service, and started for Virginia. A flag was presented to our company by the ladies of Savannah, and their orator was Frederick Tupper, Esq. Gallant, ill-fated, Tupper! he received his death wound in the last mighty struggles around Petersburg.—He had as bright an intellect as I ever knew. He exhibited his wonderful power as a school-boy, standing head and shoulders above us all. The strength of his mind was equalled by its versatility, and surpassed by his modesty, which prevented that display of which he was so capable. An old school-mate here lays a sprig *in memoriam* upon his bloody grave.

"We marched to the depot amid such public flurry as makes an event for history—escorted by gleaming soldiers, the streets thronged with an excited populace. It was as sweet a May morn as ever shone upon earth. The big heart out of doors heaved with tumultuous patriotism, that vented itself to the brave brood of young warriors, launching for the rude strife, in such thunders of feeling, and such prodigality of laudation, such rich mingling of proud tears and fervent 'God speed you,' that each individual youth felt himself the elected hero of his country's liberty.—The body congregate to its minutest ramifications was ablaze with growing fire."

The company was armed with guns that belonged to the State. Governor Brown forbade Captain

Bartow to take them out of the State. Tenacious of authority, greedily jealous of interference with his power, Governor Brown was unwilling that a man should leave the State, save through his imperial consent. Here began that miserable pack of dissensions that finally broke the cause—that iniquitous system of hostility between State and General Governments, that sapped our vigor, and weakened our strength, that disunited our coöperation and resulted in hopeless disaster. Bartow, with characteristic impetuosity, incredulous of Brown's authority to retain the weapons, unable to comprehend the reason for keeping arms in disuse when they were needed in the van, and unwilling to humor the petty caprices of envious and unreasonable tyranny at a vital moment, cut the Gordian knot in true Alexandrian fashion, took the arms, and in their place left a fiery "paper bullet of the brain," concluding with the striking and too fatally redeemed prediction, that he went to "illustrate Georgia."

It was rumored that Governor Brown, in the unyielding obstinacy of his character, had ordered the commanding officer of the volunteer troops, in Savannah, to retain the arms by force, and that he had refused. Well was it that no such attempt was made, for the strife would have been deadly.

That trip to Virginia seems like a rich dream, so lavish of ovation was it to the mettled young corps. At every station on every railroad swarms of fair women clustered, with flowers to deck, dainties to feed, and high words to stimulate the soldiers. Conventionality was sent howling to the air; every soldier was a gentleman in right of his cause, and a friend by color of his patriotism. Beauty paid her inevitable tribute of admiration to valor, and thought it no shame to reward with her brightest smile the unknown hero wending his way to the field in vindication of her own fond cause. Woman could not fight, but she could encourage; she could not strike, but she could cheer; she could not go, but she could animate those that did go. And here be it uttered in the grave solemnity of truth, and for the sober perusal of posterity, as a plain statement of veritable history, that if quenchless zeal, unstinted sacrifice, unconquerable spirit, boundless fortitude and eternal devotion to a cause believed to be true, is an honor to humanity, and a testimony of exalted virtue, not Spartan mother, nor Roman Cornelia, nor Revolutionary heroine, shall outshine in the luminous immortality of world-famous heroism the Southern women of America's vast civil war. And of this, reader, as the lawyers conclude their pleadings we will e'en put ourselves upon the—world.

Well do we remember in that most rememberable journey, at a little place in South Carolina, between Branchville and Columbia, that when the train stopped, we put our head out of the window to scan the waving and merry sea of orbs that gleamed at us from an army of the fairest faces of earth. And in a moment a sweet little

bunch of flowers sailed in the window, and cuddled in our lap as cosily as if they belonged there by birth; and we caught the graceful toss of the tapering arm, that sent them scattering odors on their fragrant way; and the owner of that agile, alabaster weapon of beauty stood as blithe and winsome a spectacle as one would care to see in a "World's Fair" of loveliness. The eye drank in a ravishing inventory of charms, the brain became fairly intoxicated with the draught. A form like Diana, bust like Venus, foot like Cinderella, carriage like a queen, hair like midnight, lips like cherries, skin like velvet, teeth like pearls, eyes like diamonds imprisoned in a sea of the raven's own proudest Cimmerian tinge, and a smile so heavenly sweet that it would make a Paradise of black perdition itself—was the quick and after verified appraisement of this lustrous woman.

Springing up from our seat we wedged our way through the jammed and babbling car, leaped to the ground careless of neighboring toes, or the integrity of our limbs, and with the speed of light presented ourself in all our laced bravery before our flower-throwing Semiramis, and with our courtliest bow, we earnestly ejaculated;

"Thank you, dear lady, thank you most heartily for those sweet flowers."

Reader, we were young then—only twenty-three, and had a little unquenchable leaven of romance in our rather susceptible bosom—a leaven that not even the hard rubs we have suffered, have been able to entirely eradicate: and by the immortal memory of Cupid, we were enthused to the fullest hyperbolism of our inflammable nature.

Semiramis, with queenly sweetness, and a warming radiance in her superb eyes, replied:

"You are welcome as heartily, sir! The obligation is on the side of the ladies who have the privilege of doing anything for the blessed soldiers."

What think you did one of our comrades—a humorous scamp of a Milesian—but break in at this auspicious moment of the interesting scene, his mellow accent steeped in a rich brogue with,

"Be jabers! but Misther Sydney is struck again. An' that's the tinth time in two days since we lift Savannah!"

A broad titter broke out in the car, and was caught up among the ladies outside, in which Semiramis and the unfortunate Sydney both joined.

Somewhat daunted by the ill-timed jocularity of the fun-loving Irishman, we stood a little confused, which seeing, the repentant Milesian kindly tried to mend matters for us, and said to my enamorata:

"Faix, leddy, I didn't mane to tell on Misther Sidney. I forgot and thought aloud. Divil of a petticoat has he spoke to in the two days since we left home, the better nor tin days ago."

A new and more uproarious burst of laughter greeted this Irish bull. Just then the whistle seasonably blew its shrill clamor, and seizing the moment of this

opportune distraction of the general attention from us, I held out my hand to Semiramis, and said;

"Good-bye. I shall remember you and fight the more cheerfully for our dear country that it possesses such women as yourself.—The cause is dear for itself, but thrice hallowed when we know it is connected with such loveliness and worth."

With a warm clasp of her fair hand, she replied earnestly:

"The heart of every true Southern woman is riveted to our holy cause: and I, myself, have never until now, regretted that I was a woman, since I am debarred from the glorious privilege of going to the field. God bless you, Sir, and preserve you in your dangerous mission. I shall pray for you and your comrades."

The cars slowly moved off amid a storm of cheers, that almost cracked the skies, and a merry waving of snowy handkerchiefs, and we sped on to repeat the scene of welcome and encouragement every few miles at each station.

We arrived in Richmond, and there our company was combined with others, and organized into the gallant and memorable old 8th Georgia regiment, of which Captain Bartow was made the Colonel.

We remained in Richmond for a week or two. Having a number of letters of introduction, I used them freely.

Young, ardent and social, we fully availed ourself of every opportunity for pleasure and observation.

Richmond at that time was all agog with bounding excitement. Just made the Capital of the Government, and the central headquarters of military operations, it fairly boiled with glittering and noisy activity. All the departments of Government were moved there, the President and his officers held their levees, troops streamed through ceaselessly, business whirled furiously in all its multitudinous channels, applicants for military and civil positions thronged the hotels, supplies of every description poured in for the army, distinguished men from all quarters concentrated for information, fair women flocked in bevies to the great centre of fashion and social enchantment. An aristocratic society opened wide its doors with true Virginian hospitality. The novelty of revolution and the mirage of war were in all their freshness, sanguine hope gilding their dread and sanguinary features rosily and goldenly. Gay uniforms gleamed bravely on the streets and in the houses, in church and at the ball, kneeling in prayer and gliding in the dance. It was a gorgeous and changing phantasmagoria of novelty and splendor. It was a dazzling carnival of gayety and magnificence —a rich masquerade of resistless seductions and exuberant display. The gay city reeled under a constant intoxication of excitement. Every breast throbbed with fiery zeal for the cause. The churches and public buildings were filled with aristocratic, gently-bred, luxurious women, working with their dainty fingers, unaccustomed to labor, making clothes and tents for the soldiers,

who were so rapidly hurried to the field, that the Government could not provide for them as fast as they were needed at the front. The day was passed in work, and the night, by some, in devotion, by others in festivity. Oh! but it was a bustling, rushing, rollicking, feverish, mad, merry time outside—a grave, solemn, earnest, impressive, terrible time in reality.

As the soldiers would arrive and tent near the city, their camps would be visited in the afternoons by vast armies of visitors, women, children and men, crowding densely, walking and riding, in carriages and carts, in homespun and silks, to see and encourage the brave patriots.—Reviews and dress parades were of hourly occurrence. Bands filled the air with their inspiriting strains of martial music. Staff officers in their gay finery, on prancing steeds, and with jingling spurs, clattered in every direction, carrying orders, locating newly-arrived troops, and curvetting in front of lordly mansions, for a glance from some fair inmate.

President Davis and Honorable Robert Toombs, of Georgia, reviewed and addressed our regiment in words of high hope and stirring appeal.

We attended levees and routs, and dinings and balls, in ceaseless succession, and we saw all the gay abandon and rich coloring of Southern life and Southern character in their most prodigal magnificence.

Vividly stamped upon our recollection is the scene we saw one communion Sunday at the Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Minnegerode was the Pastor. The vast congregation composed almost exclusively of an aristocratic element, the great mass of beauty, fashion and intelligence, bearing unmistakable marks of pure virtue and high-bred refinement; the military and political celebrities in all the proud bearing of conscious distinction; the minor lights, of course, playing their role of satellitism around the more conspicuous luminaries, and while less noticeable, yet contributing to the aggregate of splendor that marked the whole; the hundreds of laced uniforms, ornate with insignia, mingling gaily with the fashionable attire of the ladies, thrown into more brilliant contrast by the sombre garb of the plain citizen; the varied and multifarious hues blending into a rich and waving profusion of display; the imposing ceremonials of the Episcopal service; the deep silence pervading the gorgeous assemblage; the reverential solemnity so anomalous amid such dazzling accessories; the impressive interest investing noted leaders, stooping from worldly power in all its prestige with intense humility and clinging weakness before God's omnipotent sovereignty, and acknowledging, in the very zenith of authority and summit of ambition, trembling dependence upon the Unimaginable Jehovah—all made up a spectacle that could not easily be forgotten, that was witnessed with absorbing emotions, and is now remembered with thrilling fervor.

THE RIFLEMAN'S "FANCY SHOT."

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot,
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball on the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my barrel's in tune."
Crack! went the rifle; the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood:
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, captain! I staggered and sank in my track,
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette;
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman! fling me the locket—'tis she!
My brother's young bride; and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband. Hush, soldier!—'twas heaven's decree;
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon.

"But hark! the far bugles their warning unite;
War is a virtue, and weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and lopping around us to-night:
Load again, riflemen, keep your hand in."

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"LINCOLN IS ELECTED."—The telegraphic wires quivered like arteries through the giant frame of the nation and as the fingers of the enchained lightning printed these three words, the indubitable evidence of fact, the heart of the nation throbbed and pulsated to its deepest centre.

"Lincoln is elected"—fanaticism has triumphantly removed the barriers of right, the first sectional President has been decreed the office of governing the entire country, and the American Union is virtually broken!

Bells and bonfires, mirth and music converted the entire North into a scene of continuous festivity, as the announcement was spread through its borders that the fulfillment of its hopes had been attained. Throughout the South, a feeling which had no part in merriment, glowed in each bosom like the flame of some unknown volcano, under the surface, but with only a thin superstratum above it ready to burst forth at an instant's notice.

The fire did not rage in unrevealed intensity long. Almost before the vibrating wires had conveyed the news to the entire length and breadth of the land, South Carolina, like a beautiful and tameless leopard, sprang from her luxurious repose, dilated her high bred nostrils, flashed her glorious eyes, with one blow of her lordly paw broke in two the link which had bound her in the national chain, and walked forth free and unfettered.

A few short weeks and Mississippi, permeated by the greatness of a kingly soul to which she had given earthly birth, followed the tread of her chivalrous sister and stood, untrammeled, by her side.

From the golden gulf and the flower spangled savannas of Alabama and Florida rose up myriads of voices blended into one overpowering shout—"Let us be free," and hand in hand the sister States shook off the yoke together. The flame flashed brighter and spread farther, and while the earliest magnolia blossoms were loading the tropic air of Louisiana, with their rich fragrance, she had risen in strength and declared her unalterable and sovereign will. The Empire State had already taken the initiative, and before the coming of the Spring, Texas sent her lone star to add a lustre to freedom, the American Union was palpably dissolved, and on its ruins rose the noble fabric of the "Confederate States" with its destinies placed in the hands of one who was well worthy an exaltation great even as that. One whose name will go down through the reminding ages of eternity, hallowed with the prayers and bright with the blessings of thousands, and honored

* Continued from page 491, Vol. 3, No. 6.

and revered so long as human hearts are capable of admiring exalted excellence—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Virginia, with her daughter Carolina close at her side, rested superbly quiescent. If South Carolina resembled a leopard, the mother of States and statesmen recalled the image of some imperial Lioness who, stretched at her utmost length, rests seemingly inert, while a conflict rages among the other denizens of the forest, conscious of her immense and overwhelming strength, and ready to exert it when the proper moment shall arrive to necessitate its display.

A puff from Sumter and the boom of that cannon, whose echoes will never cease to resound in the Southern heart, a call from Washington for Southern men to invade Southern territory and spill Southern blood, and then Virginia rose in her calm greatness, and with SIC SEMPER on her regal lips, responded to the call by placing herself as the bulwark and defence of the new-born nation. Then mirth and merriment, triumph and rejoicing ruled the hour, and human bosoms rang out more exultant strains than ever fell from chimes or joy-bells.

One draught of the cup of freedom set the South aglow, and one common purpose bound together its entire population and made it as one man.

In no homestead in all the sunny land did the enthusiasm flame more brightly than in the hospitable walls of Southside. Col. Preston, who had been a preacher of secession from his early manhood, waited for no "overt act" more obnoxious than that of the Presidential election, and chafed under the deliberation of Virginia as a full blooded racer would under plough harness. Having exhausted his acquirements in the way of philippics against the Richmond Convention, the old gentleman had betaken himself to holding meetings, first on his own plantation and then in the neighboring county town, where gathering around him a set of congenial spirits, he resumed his long neglected role of orator, and deified the Fathers of the Revolution and Old Dominion as she used to be, and fulminated anathemas against her present degeneracy in a manner which astounded his simple auditors, and highly delighted himself.

Mrs. Preston, greatly proud of her husband and his resuscitated eloquence, lent him and the cause material aid, and the dining-room of Southside was kept filled with patriotic guests, who made its wainscotted walls resound to their jests and toasts.

When on the eventful 17th of April, Virginia took her place amid the Confederacy, the joy of the Colonel overflowed all bounds, and evinced itself first in a deeply penitent and most emphatic acknowledgment of his own short-sightedness, and baseness, in impugning the motives of his native State, then in the spontaneous gift of a twenty dollar gold piece to the astonished but appreciative Uncle Jack, and then in a series of osculatory movements directed against his wife, Camille who was on a visit to Charley, and the latter

young lady herself. So frequent were his affectionate greetings to his grandaughter that they seriously interfered with the convenience of the Professor, who had spent the entire day in vain attempts to induce Miss Charley to sit still long enough to enable him to read aloud an article he had stumbled upon in some old book, and which he considered strikingly pertinent to the occasion.

There was no rest nor stillness in Miss Preston; she danced from room to room, and up and down stair-case and passage, sending her voice before her as she hurrahed for the "Bonnie Blue Flag," or expressed her unalterable determination to "Live or die for Dixie." She hung red and white ribbons about her pretty form, until she resembled a trim built clipper vessel, under a full press of flags, and stuck cockades of the national colors and small Confederate flags in every convenient place about the establishment, including the portraits of the generations of deceased Prestons, who were thus made to become tacit supporters of a cause whose merits they were utterly unable to comprehend. She ransacked the linen room for materials to set up a manufactory of lint, and in her enthusiasm had cut up into shreds a pair of her grand-mother's newest and most highly prized sheets, before she discovered that nothing but old linen was suitable for her purpose.—When Mrs. Preston charged the culprit with the offence and mildly suggested unnecessary waste of costly material, the only reply she received was to have her dignified figure clasped in Miss Charley's fair arms, and carried through a course of gymnastic movements by no means comporting with her age and stateliness, and then released with a kiss, and an assurance that nothing used in the cause of the country could by any possibility be considered wasted.

The last freak of the heiress of Southside was eminently characteristic. Following the baffled and utterly discomfited Professor into his study, she coaxed him into printing the word Yankee in letters as large as his pen could produce. Taking the slip thus inscribed, she proceeded to pin it carefully to the breast of the lay figure, which had been placed in the shooting gallery, her grandfather had built for her, and in which Frank had given her simultaneous lessons in love and shooting. Holding her pet pistol with a hand of ivory, Miss Charley fixed her bright eyes on the placard, then firing with the coolness of a veteran and hitting her mark five times out of six, clapped her hands and shouted aloud every time the little bell rang and attested her success.

Attracted by the report of the pistol and the girl's joyous voice, Camille, Colonel Preston, and the Professor joined her in the gallery, and stood delighted spectators of her prowess.

"Oh! Grandpa!" she exclaimed as after a ringing shot, she grasped the pistol firmly in one hand and ran the other through the bright curls which had fallen over her forehead, "Is'nt it a pity I am not a boy? Just think how I could bring them down!" and the

little white fist was shaken at the unconscious figure.

"Too bad! too bad!" continued the unfortunately sexed damsel. "Only to think, I might be with Frank in the Richmond Greys and have the exquisite delight of fighting them!" and her white fingers closed on the trigger while almost at the same instant the bell rang.

"You'd be a formidable antagonist, Charley," said Camille, "and I shall not be surprised if you have real use for that pistol one of these days."

"I hope so!" said Miss Charley coolly as she looked down the silver muzzle, and then blew lightly away from its polished surface some imaginary dust.

"I shall be furious if I don't fight. Then think of the uniform!—could anything be prettier than our grey and gold! I could move a mountain if I wore the grey! And then the horses, and the rides, and the glorious fights. Oh! grand-pa, I wish I was a boy!"

"Miss Charley," said the Professor deprecatingly, "what would I do?"

"Oh! Professor," she replied as her face blushed rosy red, "I had forgotten! But "she added, while a mischievous sparkle shone in her eyes, "it would'nt make much difference, for we could still fight together."

The Professor smiled and drew up his shoulders with an air of relieved satisfaction, that through the kindly decrees of nature, the fulfilment of his darling's wishes was an impossibility.

Dearer and dearer had she grown to him, and under the influence of her love, his life was one current of deep and unruffled happiness. He had resumed the direction of her studies, though were the truth confessed, pupil and master had reversed positions and books were set aside for such teachings as lie in bright eyes, peachy cheeks, and lips that seem steeped in attar of rose. The time of their marriage had been fixed at the Christmas of the year in which Charley should be eighteen, and already the sempstresses of the household had begun to cover with elaborate embroidery the garments designed for the trousseau of their young mistress, though months must elapse before they would be required.

Camille came much to Southside, and busied herself with a sister's interest in the inception of an event so important as the marriage of Miss Preston. It required an effort of no ordinary strength of will thus to engage in an occupation, which recalled, with an intense acuteness, the scenes preceding her own ill-starred marriage. She never gave outward expression to her grief, though sometimes after listening to the confidences of Charley, in which that young lady would coo out in dove-like notes her estimation of the Professor's perfections and the happiness with which her future was flooded, and then go off in response to his summons to join him, Camille would steal silently out in the twilight, and with no witness but the stars, pour out the wail of her pure heart over its lost treasure.

Buried deep in her bosom and

mourned as only women can mourn their dead, lay her love for Loui, and her ever increasing sense of his loss. No separation, no amount of irrefragable proof of the cruelty of his conduct towards her, produced the slightest alteration in her feelings towards him. She palliated his offences until they assumed an appeaarance of right, she clung to him with a love which, all unknown to herself, was sheer idolatry, and little as she suspected it, a hope born from the very depth of despair, a wildly cherished conviction, unacknowledged even to her own heart, that the time must come when Loui would restore her to his love, ran like a vein of gold through the cold granite of her existence, and filled it with a glow of glory.

Had her husband, weary of his new associates, weary of himself and curling his haughty lip at all save the childish face which looked up so confidingly from his bosom, been permitted to gaze on the glorious reality, there would have been small danger of Camille's pining for unreciprocated affection, for her beauty was of a type on which few men could look with careless eyes.

From the time of her severe illness, some physical transformation had been progressing with wonderful rapidity and almost magical effects, and now she stood the very incarnation of womanly development and perfect beauty.

The sallowness of her skin had been replaced by a mingling of the pure alabaster whiteness of a blonde, with the vivid carmine tints usually peculiar to the brunette. Her figure, which had been slight almost to emaciation, had attained the most luxurious development, and with its soft curves and fluctuant grace displayed the very fascination of form. Her purple black hair had so increased in length and luxuriance that she might have emulated Godiva and remained undiscovered in its silken veil. Her mouth, with its exquisite arch, and short full upper lip, barely closed in ripe redness over her dazzling teeth, seemed formed for love and laughter, while a pensive drop in its crimson corners, attested that it had been perverted by sorrow from its original purpose, although the so doing had given it an additional charm. But it was in her eyes that her beauty culminated and the secret of her wonderful attraction lay. Tender, passionate, languid, and yet brilliant, they looked up out of their curtaining lids, with the same imploring pathos that Loui had seen reflected from every wave of the waters, which he thought had engulfed her, and he on whom their glances fell, felt them penetrate his heart of hearts.

Add to all this an elegance and style in dress, which her French origin bestowed, and a manner whose grace was refined to the highest degree of perfection, light up this beautiful form with a soul as pure as a star, and a mind of inexhaustible richness, and Camille La Fronde is its visible embodiment.

Among the many guests which the political position of affairs had brought to Southside and Broadfields, was one whose coming was

always the signal of increased enjoyment to the inmates of the respective mansions. This was the Honorable Percy Fontaine, younger son of a rich and aristocratic English family, who, having exhausted his native land and the continent, in search of amusement, had come to America for the purpose of hunting up in that comparatively fresh country, a new sensation. Young, extremely handsome, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of the world, his manners exercised a fascination few could resist, and he was welcomed as the life and soul of whatever circle he might choose to enter.

Meeting Camille in the full flush of her beauty, Mr. Fontaine suddenly found himself possessed of a new sensation, and one which in undivided intensity and power of subjecting him to its imperious sway, exceeded not only all he had hitherto known, but taught him the existence of depths and capacities in his nature, the possibility of which he had never dreamed.

It is not in woman's nature to be thrown with one so gifted and fascinating as Camille's new adorer, and be made the constant recipient of a refined and delicate homage, without being in some degree attracted by the source from which that homage proceeds. Ever conscious of the circumstances which enveloped her with almost the sanctity of a cloistered nun, it never occurred to Camille that others were less cognizant of her peculiar position than she herself was, consequently she accepted the indisputably agreeable attentions of Mr. Fontaine, without a thought that there was more comprehended in them than a natural desire to please one, whose life was singularly blighted, and whose position gave her peculiar claims on others.

So it was with a great horror no words could convey, that Camille's unconsciousness was aroused to the perception that she was the object of a love as ardent as it was respectful. No spoken words conveyed the conviction, but the language of eyes was sufficiently explicit, and afforded so many proofs of Mr. Fontaine's devotion, that the girl trembled in the tumult of feeling which the revelation produced, and flying to her aunt and uncle, told them her fears and entreated that the story of her life should be told before her lover could give spoken expressions to his feelings.

Her wish was executed. Mr. Esten communicated in a seemingly incidental manner the marriage of his niece, and the subsequent conduct of her husband, and though his guest was too highly bred to permit his feelings of surprise and disappointment to have any outward manifestation, he was not able to conceal entirely the unmistakable effect of the communication of his host.—Recollecting a pressing engagement, in Richmond, he summoned his valet, pressed Mr. Esten's hand, left a graceful good bye for Camille, and springing to his stylish vehicle, drove away with a kiss of his pale grey gloves directed to the windows of Camille's chamber.

His going was an inexpressible

relief to the young girl, yet feeling, despite herself, a sense of loneliness without him, she passed as much of her time, as her aunt could spare, at Southside under the influence of Charley's genial brightness.

One afternoon, after a lovely day, in the bloom of early summer, which she had passed under the shady groves of Southside, the Colonel drove her home, and left her at the enclosure of the Broadfields plantation, he going on his way to attend some important meeting of which he was Chairman, and she strolling slowly through the fragrant woods.

Reaching the house and learning that Mr. and Mrs. Esten had driven out and would not return till tea time, Camille walked out into the garden, now glowing in the scarlet and gold of sunset, and entering one of its most sequestered summer houses, threw herself upon a mossy seat, leaned her head against a vine-covered pillar that stood near, and resigned herself to thoughts of love and Loui.

Absorbed in this ever-enchanting subject, she was unconscious of the approach of light footsteps, nor was she aware of the entrance of Mr. Fontaine, until, throwing himself beside her, he seized her hands and covering them with kisses, poured out a wild story of his love.

The girl grew very white, and her soft fingers in his grasp turned cold as stone. Drawing them from him with a force that made them quiver with pain, she raised her proud figure to its full height, and fastening her flashing eyes upon him, looked at him with an expression of detestation and contempt.

"Do you know me?" she said, while her paleness vanished before the indignant blood which rushed over her face. "Do you know me?"

"I know you as the most beautiful woman on earth—I know that I love you more than my own life!" was the passionate reply.

"Have you not heard of my marriage?" she gasped with trembling lips. "Do you not know my husband yet lives?"

"I know that you are bound by a mockery of form to a wretch who is unworthy one glance from your beloved eyes—I know that the law can free you from the despicable scoundrel and give you to me, and the object of my life is, that this may be accomplished," and he endeavored to take her hand. She recoiled from him as if he had been a serpent, and hid her bowed face in her hands.

"Camille" he continued, in tones that were music in their softness, "judge between us. He married you for your wealth, and embraced the merest pretext for casting you from him—he allows your beautiful youth to waste away without one thought of your suffering, he holds you bound, yet is free as air himself, bestowing his constant attention and all that such a nature can give of love on one, who though vastly inferior to you, is too good and too pure to be the victim of such a villain."

"It is false!" she cried, as folding her arms she curled her proud

lips and looked disdainfully into his face.

"I wish for your sake that it were," he said earnestly, "but facts unfortunately prove its truth."

"The absent are always wrong!" she said indignantly. "Were Loui here, you would not dare defame him!"

"You are severe," he said as he winced under her words, "but no severity can controvert facts. Do you think I have been idling in Richmond, during the time I have been forced from your presence? I went direct from your home to Knoxville, where I knew Mr. La Fronde resided. I made the acquaintance of the family in which he is domesticated, and much as I shrank from it, of himself."

"You have seen Loui! You have seen him?" she murmured, and now the eyes that were raised to his were flooded with a strangely soft light.

"Yes, I have seen him—the child of the house, the petted darling of its owners, and the openly acknowledged lover of Miss Franklin, and repaying her unconcealed devotion with an imperial condescension that would of itself have been a sufficient justification of my inordinate desire to shoot him!

Camille, "he continued," discard the thought even of one so utterly unworthy. Anticipate his purposed action in applying to the law for release, become my wife, and in the possession of my ceaseless and all adoring love, find that life has a sweeter future in store for you than hanging dependent for one look of kindness from the cold eyes of Loui La Fronde."

Further speech was checked by a glance at the pitiable figure which stood before him as, with a face quivering with pain, Camille rallied the failing resources of her nature, and too proud to show her suffering to a stranger, compelled her voice to steady itself as she replied to the words which had sapped the very foundation of her happiness.

"There must be some mistake in this matter, Mr. Fontaine," she said slowly, "You speak of my marriage as a mockery of form, and needing only the touch of the law to remove it. I take higher ground, and hold God's work not to be lightly undone.—We will not discuss Mr. La Fronde, nor will you again utter to his wedded wife, words which are an insult to her and yourself. I am a woman who is so steeped in sorrow, that all the brightness of life has been washed away. I appeal to your honor and your sense of knightly chivalry to protect me from yourself and from the feeling you term love."

"I were base indeed, could I refuse, angel of purity and goodness that you are!" he exclaimed as he gazed enraptured upon her suffering and strength. "I am but a man with all man's weakness, and I cannot promise not to love you, for that is beyond my power to fulfill, but I can and do promise upon my honor never again by word or look to distress you, or lay the weight of one additional sorrow on your heavily laden life."

She held out her hand, and he pressed his lips upon it, then, lest

her waning strength should desert her, she walked hastily through the garden, followed by her companion, and with him ascended the long portico of Broadfields.

Entering it to find Mr. and Mrs. Esten returned, and the centre of a gay party, which, headed by Col. Preston, was indulging in expressions of intense enjoyment.—Servants were running to and fro bearing bottles and glasses, ice was cracked into a thousand crystal splinters, champagne corks whizzed through the summer air, and a wild excitement pervaded the entire assemblage.

"What is the matter, Colonel Preston?" asked Camille, as that gentleman, with whom to be jubilant was to become affectionate, ran towards her, one arm ready to embrace her queenly form, while the hand of the other held a goblet of foaming champagne.

"Matter!" cried the convivial Colonel, "Glorious matter child. Eighteen hundred Confederates have whipped five thousand Yankees out of their very boots.—The 1st North Carolina regiment has covered every mother's son in it with glory. Big Bethel is doubly ours, and Butler is running for his life to get behind the casemates of Old Point! Hurrah for Magruder! Hurrah for Hill! Hurrah for Major Randolph! Hurrah for Bridges! Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy! Bless my soul, if somebody don't hold me I shall hurrah myself to death!" and the enthusiastic old gentleman sat down exhausted but triumphing.

It was even so; Virginia had bared her fair bosom for the scene of the first battle in the struggle for Southern independence, and her sod had drunk the youthful blood of the gallant Wyatt, the one Confederate Martyr in the battle of Bethel, while Carolina had secured the fruits of victory and added a fresh laurel to the never-fading glory of her immortal hills!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Who is it knocking so loud at the gate,
This bitter night in the storm and flood?
My Lord, you have waited a day too late—
You cannot recall it with tears of blood!

"Where is my darling? I've wandered wide
And my love and my longing I've striven to crush.
As well might I fetter the ocean's tide,
Or curb with a ribbon its mighty rush!

I am weary, and heart-sick, and frantic, Nurse,
Like a fool I have wasted a year of bliss.—
Without her, my life is a burdensome curse.—
My darling will right it with one little kiss!"

"Come in, come in to a desolate hearth,
To a lonely room and a vacant seat.
This time last night, she was here on earth;
She is on it still, in her winding sheet.

Since that last sad night, when you left her here,
A twelve month has slowly rolled along,—
She never would tell, but I greatly fear
You have done her a grievous and cruel wrong.

I knew your nature; you weakly deemed
To your soaring fancies, she'd prove a bar.—
She that above you as glorious beamed
As over the glow-worm shines heaven's star!

In a higher sphere than our own she moved
Till you dragged her down to serve your need,
And when you grew weary of being loved
You tossed her away like a noxious weed.

You held Love's cup to her lips, and she drank
'Till her soul was stained with its poison'd sweet;
You looked at that one little spot till you shrank,
Then you shook her off like dust from your feet!

She needed only a word or a look
To tell her you shunned her, and all the while,
Though the pangs of hell in her bosom shook,
She would say, 'You are right,' with her softest smile!

And certain it is, since that parting night,
My Lady has withered and pined away;
And over her life fell a chilling blight,
That turned to December its sunny May.

Not that she ever told it, my Lord;
She was far too proud, and her love too true;
But well I knew that a hidden sword,
Was piercing her bosom through and through.

I am but a simple dame, at the best,
With little of learning, and less of art;
But love is a teacher worth all the rest,
And I loved my child from my very heart.

So that I saw it as clear and plain,
As if, in that book, it was printed there;
Her life was only a lingering pain,
And her strength to bear it, that of despair!

One night when she thought there was no one by,
She loosed her grief from its iron bands;
That sight will haunt me until I die—
I could only shudder, and wring my hands!

The time dragged slowly and sadly on
And you neither wrote, nor sent, nor spoke,
Till even her patient strength was gone,
Her spirit failed, and her great heart broke!

The very depths of her soul were stirred,
And what were her sufferings, God only knows,
But never did outward sign or word,
The torturing inward wound disclose.

So brave and true! though her sweet face paled
And her light feet faltered with heavy tread,
Till at last, like a broken flower she failed,
Add lay, weak as a child, on her silken bed.

'Life is a warfare and struggle at best—
I cannot sustain it, although I try;—
I am so weary,—I long for rest—
I am willing to live, but I crave to die.'

Thus she would murmur, in soft low tone—
I never heard human voice so sad;—
And a hungry, wistful yearning shone
In her lovely eyes.—I was almost mad!

All through this short, sharp winter day
When the rain froze hard on the window pane,
Speechless and senseless, she dying lay,
And I thought she never would rouse again.

But she lifted at twilight her shining head
And drew a strange sort of gasping breath:
'*I love him!* I LOVE HIM! I LOVE HIM!' she said,
'And my love has conquered the horrors of death!'

Her head fell back for her strength was spent,
And she lay so rigid, and white, and chill,
That I loosened her boddice and over her bent
To see if her heart were beating still.

In my grief, and dread, I could scarcely tell;—
As I pressed my hand on her milk-white skin,
A fluttering motion rose and fell,
Like a thread it quivered so fine and thin.

And even this quivering ceased at last.
'She is dead!' I cried, with a frenzied shriek,
When over her face such a glory past
That no mortal tongue may its beauty speak!

It gleamed and glowed, with a heavenly flame,
That told of a hard fought conflict won;
In the softest wisper, she spoke your name—
Her heart throbbed once, and her life was done!

Up in her chamber alone she lies;
You can enter unbidden—you know the door—
But you'll find, if you open her beautiful eyes,
A look you have never seen there before!

And yet, could the fetters of death be riven,
Her soul will fly like a home-bound dove.
She would come from the very throne of heaven,
To greet your gaze with a smile of love!"

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

"Several carriages from the Grove; full of company again, I expect," said father, reining up our one horse at the church gate that mother and I might descend from our unpretending vehicle.—"Who can they be?"

A variety of waving plumage, a rustling of silks and brilliant robes; but before our bewildered eyes had recovered from the dazzling effects of this splendor, the party disappeared under the church door, the elegant equipage that had detained us in alighting at the steps drove off and we were at liberty to follow them.

A hasty glance—the stab as of a knife at my heart, followed by its violent, painful beating—a sickening faintness that made me tremble all over like an aspen leaf.

Yes, she was there—my rival!—Oh! no, no one could be that; but she had come to claim him, to complete the conquest her childish beauty had begun. Childish beauty! what was it now? Bewitching. Were I a man, I could find words, but I cannot tax my ingenuity to describe her charms—her, my rival—yes, I will so call her, for what was she else.—I could claim him in the spirit land, in the world of dreams and imagination. Could I bear to see her there also? Holy Father, pity me. I *cannot* help loving him. I know that it is wrong, wicked, self-destructive. I acknowledge my guilt, but oh! I cannot help it. Help me then.—I know the trial that is coming, the acute agony in store for me. Help me now, I pray Thee—now before it is too late and life is rendered a useless void to me. Sharp pangs of jealousy shook my soul to its centre, then I prayed again and grew somewhat calmer.

She was so lovely—no longer the playful child coquette in the gypsey hat turned up with rosebuds, but the splendid eyes looked out now from an exquisite Parisian bonnet, so delicate in its fabric that it seemed made for no head but hers. Her dress and the indescribable charm of her movements added to her beauty and made her irresistible. Nothing was wanted to render her so.

Yes, Alfred had driven her in his own carriage. It was all over then. If I could only feel the calmness of despair, could turn to stone, anything but suffer this poignant agony. Oh! I groaned internally, I would give the world for power to witness that sight unmoved.

"Stand back, Mary, "exclaimed mother, pushing my shoulder, "I want to see that beautiful girl. Gracious me! but she's elegant."

All the congregation were pressing forward to catch a glimpse of

* Continued from page 503, Vol. 3, No. 6.

her as she passed, leaning upon Alfred's arm, for without his assistance they would have been separated in the throng. "Such eyes! such a complexion. Mary, your garden roses are beat by her cheeks," said a neighbor.

A delicate little hand with its perfumed, lilac glove almost touched me, compelled to remain there for the gratification of my mother's curiosity, and the fairy tissue floated by so cloudlike in its texture that it seemed to melt like the froth on the waves as she glided along, a white mantle waving from her shoulders.

"Well, that will certainly be a match," said mother conclusively, settling herself down in a heap of black silk in the carriage, while she crushed my plain muslin into one corner by her ample dimensions. "Don't you think so, Mary?"

"Think what, mother?"

"Why, I say that Alfred Chauncey and that young woman will be married."

"No doubt of that. It's plain enough to every eye," said father, touching up Billy with his whip. "That's very sure and certain."

"Drive past, sir," he called out, suddenly reining to one side as an elegant carriage dashed up, and a pair of fiery horses threw up the dust with their prancing feet.

"Excuse me," was answered in the rich tones of Alfred Chauncey, as he touched his hat and drove on.

One glimpse of a pair of beautiful, happy, young faces, eyes sparkling even through the clouds of dust, and they disappeared like a flash up the road, leaving us, plain, quiet people, to jog along in our sober way;—the father and mother, plain, matter-of-fact people, who would go home, eat their substantial meals, sleep soundly, do their every-day work as they had done it for years, and dream—if they dreamed at all—of nothing else; the daughter of their house, one with them, born to follow in their footsteps, to marry, if she did marry, some plain man like her father, live as her mother did; spin, weave, tend the house, scold in homely language, grow fat, coarse, and blowzy; while this brilliant pair drove on, dashing up the highlands of life, scattering dust in the eyes of their inferiors, and with all the world's wide resources for pleasure open to them, — the ball-room, the theatre, the crowded assembly, the reception of brilliant friends, the giving of costly entertainments, the delight of being where they would see one another, the centre of attraction and admiration—this would be theirs.

Plod on, old horse; you cannot be wearier or duller than the one young heart you drag behind you.

"That is a most gentlemanly young man," said my father as the carriage disappeared, "so different from the others hereabouts. They would have dashed by without stopping, but he waited respectfully to see if I would let him. I tell you, she'll get a prize."

"That she will," replied my mother, "and he'll get a beauty. My! but won't he!"

"A beauty!" exclaimed father growing eloquent, "she beats you

in your young days—our courting days, when I used to tell you that you looked like a full blown rose."

"My mercy! Mr. Ashburton, you're making fun of me. I never saw the day when I looked the beginning even of that."

"Every one to his taste," said father, shrugging his shoulders and getting out of a close corner.

I crept about my wonted tasks as usual, fierce fires burning me up internally, suffering from a nervous restlessness that left me peace neither day nor night. In my desolation, I could see them enjoying themselves at the Grove with more than usual summer gayety.

Riding party after riding party swept out through the glade, the waving plumes and gay habits of ladies glancing out between the dark old pines and oaks. Foremost among them was always a conspicuous pair, the lady's long, dark curls streaming out from under a little blue cap, a dress of the same color fitting closely to her superb figure; the gentleman frequently reining back his curvetting steed to suit the pace of hers, turning his face now flushed with happiness and graceful feats of horsemanship towards his companion, till they passed from before my aching eyeballs and were lost to view up the road.

Entertainments were given them by the gentry of the county, to which they had to ride some distance, for their immediate neighbors consisted of farmers like my father, only not such extensive land-holders as he was.

Like Cinderella, I wished very much that I too could go to the ball, that I was aristocratic and could be admitted upon familiar terms to the charmed circle, where I could meet him upon equal footing and have the opportunity ——. No, no, Mary, it is best as it is. If such are your sufferings now, what would they have been upon admission to rivalship.

My duties became very irksome with my heart so far from them, and mother chided me several times for the performance of tasks that had not been carried to as high a state of perfection as had been my wont. Sometimes the bread had too much salt in it, then again none at all, sometimes the cake was so badly burnt that mother would not place it before her friends. Then again I turned the spigot of the cider barrel the wrong way, so that half a barrel was lost, to my father's great disgust.

I apologized and strove to amend. But, alas! the window had far greater attractions for me than the kitchen stove, when I heard the trampling of horses' feet on the road.

"You had better let them proud, rich folk go along and attend to your own work, Mary," said my mother, in a tone of irritation.

Seeing myself observed, for I did not know she was there, I drew in my stretched out head, and resumed my occupation.

"What is it?" asked my father, coming in at that moment, with a pitcher of cider in his hand.

"Why, Mary here has got her head upset looking after them gay folks."

"Come, daughter," said he, good humoredly, "those proud people wont serve you a good turn in any way. Look to your own interests, child, and let them go their ways. Be as merry as you can. We are plain people—"

"But very respectable, though, Mr. Ashburton," interrupted my mother.

"Aye, respectable enough," he resumed in his former tone of jesting, "you must fit yourself to be a useful wife to some strapping fellow, who will look after your interests and his own, and will make me proud to call him son-in-law."

They both laughed and expected me to do the same.

This to me! and at that time! Hardly venturing to think of the disgusting words, loathing that they should enter my ears, I sat there with compressed lips, and crimsoned brow.

But I took good care never to draw upon myself such censure, or such anticipations as to my future again.

Then a vision arose in my mind of the fate to which my father's expectations would consign me.—Bluff, coarse manners, an animal existence, utter absence of all intellectuality;—then of the pure, refined Alfred Chauncey. No, I exclaimed, the hot tears scalding my cheeks, I will never marry any one. I can never love another, for no one in the world is like him—so truly noble and generous, with all his grace of exterior.

Oh! that he had more faults, that I might love him and suffer less. But they all tell me—I hear almost daily, accounts of his generosity and kindness of heart.—The Grove servants were devoted to him, always having something to tell us of his thoughtful consideration for them. The poor praised his liberality, and said that they had but to ask, and he opened his purse to them. A poor widow told us of the sum he had given her, to send her son to school for another year, an old rheumatic laborer, of the warm coat presented to be worn in place of the thin, threadbare one which had caused his suffering, and numerous other instances useless now to mention. If I had heard one word in disparagement of him; had he been selfish or unkind in one instance, the illusion would have been dispelled, and I should have awakened from my dream, to find him but a common mortal after all.

I say if he had not been good also, I could not have loved him as I did. For selfishness, sensuality, I had no liking, and the most beautiful countenance would have been distorted in my imagination, if, under its smooth surface, I knew of deceit, malignity and evil purposes, working within.—No, love intensely I could not, where I did not respect also; beauty of the soul and of the spirit were still more potent with me than comeliness of person. How could I help loving him then, ye who would condemn me? In my longing for human sympathy, for congenial companionship, when there was such an utter dearth of it in my daily associates, how could I help loving what realized all I desired in a companion, what I saw so constantly, heard of so

frequently, yet was to me so unapproachable, from social exclusiveness and his own exquisite refinement.

My mother's gossips came in frequently, and commented with her upon the prospects of Alfred and the beautiful young lady.—That they were to be married, they knew. Young Mr. Chauncey had no sooner seen her, than he fell desperately in love, was constantly at her side, so the servants, from the Grove told it, that they were always riding and walking together, that she was exquisitely lovely, and he seemed fairly to worship her. Her father was not rich, they said, and her relations seemed to think it a good match for her. She was the youngest and most beautiful of several sisters, all of whom had made splendid, worldly matches by their faces, so she was the last to be married off, and great expectations had been entertained for her? Mr. Alfred would have the old place, a good deal of money besides, and was a most handsome and agreeable young man. No wonder that she would accept him, great beauty though she was?

The bitterness of death passed over me, but its quiet was wanting in my bosom. Galling, bitter jealousy,—alas! shall I say it? almost hatred took possession of me. In one sense, I hated her. I hated her for being so beautiful and fascinating, for the circumstances of her birth that had placed her in a position to win his love. I hated her for winning it, that she alone could possess it.

I was no novel heroine, sublime in noble and unrequited love, praying for a blessing on the loved one's union with another, that she should faithfully fulfill that duty towards him, which it was impossible for her to perform, unselfishly rejoicing in his happiness, if it was with a rival—and forgetting self in the tomb of natural feelings.

I don't know what others can do, but I was not capable of such sublimity. I was a living, breathing woman, and had many imperfections, in common with my race. The young lady had done me no harm; it was not her fault that she was beautiful, and even if she had not existed, if Alfred had never seen her, there was no reasonable prospect of our ever being thrown together. Therefore, my dislike was extremely causeless. But jealousy seldom stops to reason, and I was suffering from it, in its greatest intensity. Confessing my wickedness, I must say, that I wished he loved me with all the earnestness I was capable of, that it crazed me to see him love another, and that just then, I, in my inmost soul, wished that something —— oh! no, no—I dare not think of it even to myself,—I must *not* wish that harm should come to her, that even her eye might be less brilliant, her cheek less roseate. She was created so, and I was as I was, and where I was. But oh! I suffered so.

I pitied, hated myself. Poor creature, I thought contemptuously, you have destroyed yourself for nothing. What would he think of you, did he know of this. He would only despise you.

One day, Old Benson, the shoemaker, came in, crippled so he could scarcely walk, with the rheumatism.

"Well, Benson, how goes the world with you?" asked my father.

"Badly enough, neighbor. I got out of work, could hardly do enough to keep body and soul together, with the rheumatiz drawing up my left shoulder. But what do you think! T'other day young Mr. Chauncey and his sweet-heart stopped on their horses before my door. He got down. 'Mr. Benson,' says he, 'I understand that you are quite a sufferer, so that you can't do your work now, and that your children are sick. Take this for old time's sake; (here he pulls out a purse full of money) you made many a shoe for me, when a child, and must accept it.' 'Yes, Alfred,' says the young lady, bless her kind heart, 'and we will ride to the doctor's and send him here.' He smiled at her so proudly, as if he thought a heap more of her, if he could do so, and off they started before I had time to say, 'thank 'ee, sir'".

"A fine young man, Mr. Benson, very fine," replied my father, in that patronizing tone that jarred so upon my ear, for it seemed so to stamp vulgarity upon him; attempting a familiarity and assuming a tone that he would not have dared to do to their faces, "I never saw a young gent with finer prospects, or who deserved them more than him."

Oh! I groaned, I am ever forced to listen to his praises upon every side, though they stab me like a knife, when I know it is nothing to me, upon another is bestowed that noble heart I appreciate so deeply.

They were the theme of constant conversation. Gossip appeared to have room for no one else. What they were doing at the Grove, where they dined, where a party had been given, at which Miss Fleurry had eclipsed every one else in such a dress, and young Mr. Chauncey had had eyes for no one besides, who was to dine at the Grove to-day, who had supped there yesterday, who was to be entertained in splendor to-morrow,—were the topics ever under discussion by the neighbors' wives, when they ran across the dividing fields in their chicken bonnets, to talk the matter over with my mother.

I grew so silent in the constant effort to command my feelings, that it excited observation; not quite so much as another would have done, as I was not habitually much of a talker.

I grew, internally, very irritable. The sound of my father's harsh voice as he drove the horses over the ploughed field, my mother's business tone and creaking gait, the homely sounds of everyday life, sickened me to the utmost bounds of endurance. The smell of the new-mown hay, the richly scented clover field, I did not love as I used to do, household occupations became drudgery to me in this morbid state of mind. Yet, I persevered through it all, set the tables, dusted the rooms, made the bread as usual, conquered my irritability enough to answer my parents with my wonted respect; then when the

strain was over, the tasks accomplished, the smiles and words required of me given, I went to my room and threw myself on my bed to weep as if my heart would break, to pray also that the wickedness might be overcome, my heart raised from its earthly idol to the One above.

My mother frightened me once by coming to my door, and asking what sounds were those in my room.

"I came to get a blanket from the store-room," said she, "and heard a sound like some one crying."

"The wind, mother, makes a very dismal sound just here. Perhaps you heard it under the door."

"It didn't sound much like it, but maybe it was."

She went away without coming into my room, to my intense relief, for if she had seen my red and swollen eyes, she would have demanded the cause, and to find an excuse would not have been easy.

No one knew of my sufferings. Always quiet, I only became more so, commanding myself outwardly, while the tears seemed to drop inward on my brain, scorching my heart as with a firebrand.

I was churning away one morning, my head hanging listlessly over the old fashioned stone jar I used as a churn, while the paddle in my hand chumped, chumped unceasingly at the motion of my weary arm. The trickling rill ran by, gurgling musically around the roots of the old apple tree that hung its yellow offerings beggingly above me; but I did not notice it, scarcely heard its pretty murmurings that had always given me so much delight, and the apples tumbled unnoticed about me; even my immaculate apron was stained with the rich drops of cream that flew up in a little shower to my face.

This is very wrong, I said suddenly, drawing myself up. Mary, you *shall* exercise some self-control.

With sudden energy I sent the cream splashing into my face again, soon again also to lose myself in helpless listlessness. A pang shot through me. So I am to spend life thus. As to-day, so will be to-morrow, so will be the years, unto the end. Then welcome the end; I care not how soon it comes with so little to live for. A vision of my parents, my little brothers—they will not want me. The brothers will grow up and marry; the parents will soon get over my loss, and comfort themselves with their sons and their sons' wives, who will please them better than their dreamy, silent daughter.

"Sister, there's a note for you at the house. Come in and let's see what's about," cried one of the boys, running to me. "Why, what's the matter, the cream's spilt all over you?"

"A note for me, why who could have sent it?"

I followed him to the house, and meeting mother in the kitchen, received from her a sealed envelope.

On opening it, I found it contained an invitation from Mrs. Wharton, to a dance at her house which would take place in three days from the date of the note.—

Mr. Wharton was a farmer of a more aristocratic caste, was of respectable family and well to do in the world. He occupied a mediocre position between the patrician on the one hand, and the more plebeian tillers of the soil on the other. His family mingled with both. With my father he had always entertained friendly relations, and our families interchanged visits, occasionally. It was said that they were distantly related to the Chaunceys in some far off way, though it was never claimed by the latter. They had no children, so there was no danger in associating with them, that it might bring about an alliance, less lofty than the haughty Chaunceys looked forward to, for their heirs, or the association, occasional as it was, and prompted, it was said, by political motives, and the rumored relationship, would have been cut short. They were very fond of entertaining and mingling in the socialities of the country, so a guest in the neighborhood was usually honored with an invitation to a social gathering at their house. The present entertainment was given to the Chaunceys and their guests, I learned during the course of the day.

"You must certainly go, Mary," declared mother.

I shrank back.

"Yes, but you *must*. I shall see to getting you something to wear. Let me see, what would be pretty for you?"

"Oh! mother, how can I go?"

"Indeed, child, you will displease me very much if you persist in refusing. I have quite set my heart on it."

Hearing this I said no more, but I grew frightened as I thought of the consequences to myself; in his company, witnessing his devotion to the peerless beauty.

Something like the self-destructive attraction that draws the moth to the flame, prompted a desire to be present, while the dictates of prudence held me back.

The party was to take place in three days, and I was to be gotten ready in that time. What mattered my dress, yet I took a sudden interest in its preparation. The town six miles off supplied me a white muslin, and some little appurtenances for the occasion.—With mother's assistance, I soon made it and trimmed it with the young, tender leaves of the ivy.

On the evening of the party, I twisted a little wreath of the same around my plainly braided hair, looped the fall of my sleeves with it, tied a broad white ribbon around my waist, and was ready.

"You look very nice," said mother, who, for some reason or other, was not going, and who had busied herself in superintending my toilet, "but you ought to have some brighter colors on. Let me put this bunch of red roses in your hair."

"My dear mother!" I cried, drawing back in horror, "that would destroy everything. I might as well wear those gigantic hollyhocks."

"You're very pale, but very nice, very nice indeed. Dance till you get some color, and do try to be like the other girls, like Betsy Slocum, or some one that's lifelike and merry, and don't keep yourself to yourself so."

My father drove me in the carriage to our destination, a distance of some eight miles. He would spend the evening with some of the old folks, he said, enjoy himself as best he could until I was ready to go. Mother regretted aloud that I had kept the beaux at such a distance that none had offered themselves as an escort on the present occasion, which regret was far from being shared by myself.

We were fortunately early, so that I could attract no attention upon entering, and I just slipped quietly into the ball-room with my host, my plain old father declaring that he had no taste for such things, and resisting all invitations to mingle in the company. He preferred, he said, a newspaper and his pipe, till the host was sufficiently disengaged from his duties to take a quiet game of chess with him.

Mrs. Wharton, busy, fat, fussy, yet kind and lady-like too, met me cordially, gave me a place to stand or sit as I chose, then went forward to receive the other guests, who, after a short interval came crowding in. Their dresses exhibited various stages of elegance, from plain white, with natural flowers, to tulle and tarleton, trimmed with pearls and costly lace. I knew very few of them, as they were from all parts of the county, and I went from home so seldom.

Some were upon a par with myself, the daughters of plain, substantial farmers like my father, freckled, red-faced, with large hands, showing the traces of homely employments, as mine did too, though they were naturally small and disposed to be white.

Others, a grade higher—young ladies whose education having been completed at boarding-school, had come home to despise the rustic ways of their parents, and to transform their homely domicils into as much of fashion as was possible, leaving their mothers to do the work and sit in the back room, while they entertained their friends in the front, most carefully preserving their hands from labor, when the piano had taken the place of the spinning-wheel, the drawing port-folio, that of the kneading-trough.

I had no fancy for these, and they shunned me as beneath them, courting familiarity with the aristocracy, some members of which now graced the room with their presence. I noticed that as a general thing, the latter were dressed with more simplicity, but more real elegance than their pretentious neighbors.

I looked eagerly for the party from the Grove. They were late. Many expressed their disappointment, and their fears, that they would not come. They wished, they said, to see the beautiful Miss Fleurry, who was to be married to young Mr. Chauncey.

"How d'ye do?" said the kind-hearted, bustling Betsy Bowman, bristling up to me in a startling pink silk, "how sweet you look; don't she, girls?"

The "girls" having concurred indifferently with her in this opinion, I was permitted to remain undisturbed again, feeling very little elated at this first compliment on my party appearance.

Indeed, I thought of nothing around me, with my eyes fixed on the door. A sensation and general falling back from the door to allow room for an entrance.

Mrs. Chauncey enters on the arm of a middle aged gentleman, a guest of theirs, her husband leading in a lady of the same age. They advance to the hostess who receives them with the utmost suavity.

A short interval elapses, and a still greater excitement,—heads eagerly stretched out, eyes directed to the door. "Just look!" I heard some one before me exclaim, "*is* she not *beautiful!* and he—oh! he's like a prince."

She entered, leaning of course, upon Alfred's arm, every movement the embodiment of grace, dazzling and bewitching in her fairy dress, as white as snow, and as froth-like as the foam of the sea.

And he—with what exquisite grace he led her up to the hostess, saluted her, then introduced his future bride.

She bowed as if she had been presented at the court of the Grand Monarch, sweeping the floor with her lace-like garments, then taking his proffered arm again, glided away with him among the guests.

They were followed by every eye; no one was noticed scarcely but her. The country gentlemen crowded around her, and the girls found themselves deserted by such as could get a stand near her.

Alfred looked very happy, but he was as courteous as ever to all around him, not forgetting in his own happiness, the presence of others. Of course he is perfect, I sighed, as I heard some one praising him, what else can we look for in him but superiority to every one else!

He was devoted, as they said, to Adéle, returning ever and anon to her side, after leaving his post to mingle for a short time with the company.

Soon the dancing commenced. Two or three of the country beaux offered themselves as my partners, but I had never danced much, and declined accepting their politeness.

Who could emulate the matchless grace with which Miss Fleurry floated over the room, or that of her partner as he moved in unison with her to the music from the violins. I lost myself in looking at them, and my whole being appeared to dissolve into theirs as if gliding with them through the mazes of the dance. With parted lips, breathing quickly, my cheeks warmed into a deep glow, my eyes followed them with a gaze, the earnestness of which I was scarcely conscious.

"My dear Mary, your cheeks are like flame, and your eyes sparkling as if on fire," exclaimed Miss Bowman, pausing near me in the dance. "What are you looking at? Miss Fleurry. My blessed! but she's enough to drive a man mad."

I drew back and the first cotillion ended.

By this time I had caught the excitement and was animated into a desire to move with them; so when another offer was made to me for a partner, I eagerly ac-

cepted it and took my place on the floor.

He touched my hand in turning,—little did he know how it trembled beneath his touch, or the foolish, weak heart that throbbed at attracting his attention for one moment, aching yet more as he turned again to his brilliant idol, as if to indemnify himself for a brief absence from her side.

I marked her manner well.—She received his attentions as her right, with a coquettish imperiousness which showed what absolute power she exercised over him, how royally she could enchain where she willed.

She does not love him for himself, but for herself, I said bitterly. Herself is evidently the first thought in everything. How can a noble nature as his alloy itself with such beautiful clay! Ah! but, Mary, you were not a man. Did you think that all sainted men love angels? angels they may be sometimes—but frequently fallen ones. The best, the wisest, on earth have more frequently fallen victims to the wiles of a pretty woman, than to the combined excellences of all the female saints on record. Adéle Fleurry would have driven St. Benedict himself crazy. Besides, you looked at her with jealous eyes, no proper medium for an impartial judgment.

I felt so insignificant in the world, more like the violet in the grass than ever, as I shrank timidly behind my partner.

The latter talked to me in his countrified beau way, giving me a little nod now and then, using a big word when he could think of one, and almost making me smile at his awkwardly assumed ease of manner. I conversed with him as kindly as I could, and paid polite attention to his remarks, wishing that he would not make them so frequent, when it was such a trial to me to listen and make the proper replies.

The evening wore on. Miss Fleurry's eyes grew brighter and brighter with each dance, her cheeks yet rosier. Alfred was not always her partner; the honor of her hand was several times bestowed upon the country gentlemen, while he sought partners elsewhere, very indifferently since it was not herself.

Once, walking leisurely along the file of ladies ranged against the wall near my corner, he paused for a moment as if seeking a partner for the next cotillion.—He spoke to one or two married ladies, and, casting his eye around our circle, approached me suddenly. My heart beat tumultuously.

"May I have the honor of engaging you for the next set?"

I thought perhaps he was addressing another, and did not raise my eyes till one of the ladies touched me, saying "Mary."

I looked up and met his beautiful eyes beaming with kindness.

"Wont you dance with me?"

I shrank back with flushing cheeks. "No—oh! no."

He almost laughed, evidently thinking me a diffident child; "I must insist upon it," he said.

With cheeks that must have been "double deeply dyed," I stood with my eyes fixed upon the floor, trembling visibly.

He laughed mischievously, persisting in teasing, as he thought, a shy little forest girl.

"Come, we will lose our places."

He playfully took my hand and drew me from my corner, then putting it gently on his arm, led me to our place, with Miss Fleurry and her partner for a *vis-a-vis*.

My head was so confused that I could not realize my happiness. Leaning upon Alfred's arm, and so near the beautiful star-like lady. He was as kind and attentive to me as a thorough gentleman would be, but, though not then with Adèle, a perfect understanding appeared to exist between them, in the smiles and low murmured whisperings that passed when they met. Once she dropped the elegant square of lace she called her handkerchief. Alfred alone perceived it—ah! he saw everything that *she* did—and picked it up. While still upon his knee he presented it, and the rosy fingers being extended to receive it from his hand, he imprinted a kiss—no one saw him but me—upon them before he would release her property.

She blushed and pretended to frown so prettily, that he forgot me for a moment, and had to hasten his movements to the music to resume his place.

I suppose he thought that conversation would only tease, as shy as he seemed to consider me, so a very few remarks passed between us, and they upon his side, as my answers were only monosyllabic. I could not talk to him; my heart was upon my lips when I attempted to do so, and beat so violently that he saw only my confusion, and kindly attempted to cover it with his own ease of manner, and some slight, indifferent observations.

The dance ended—oh! that it could continue forever! I sighed, as he led me to my seat. Perceiving that my face was much flushed, he paused in his impatience to resume his place by his lady-love, and asked me if I would have anything. I said "No," and with one or two gentle remarks to smooth the abruptness, he left me, sick at heart, more crushed than ever for the brief happiness I enjoyed.

I saw him rejoin Miss Fleurry, smile as he said something to her, then glanced in my direction.

I was cut to the quick, shrank back like a sensitive plant, and felt the tears that I could scarcely restrain from flowing, rushing to my eyes. With a strong effort I kept them back, just succeeding in time to see Betsey Bowman running to me.

"I've got something to tell you, Mary," said she, "What do you think Mr. Chauncey said about you? I was just behind them when he came up. He said you were a graceful, sweet-faced little wood-nymph, and very classic looking, with your singular wreath of ivy, crowned like a priestess of old. It *was* queer taste in you, Mary," she added, looking at me, "to fix yourself off in that green, but I know you are not like the rest of us, and have ways of your own, so it did not strike me so much. But how you did blush when I told you what Mr. Chauncey said. I needn't

tease you, because he already belongs to another. If it wasn't for that, I don't know what I might say."

The torturing creature! I wanted to escape her terrible observation, but didn't know how to effect it. I longed to go; I was tired and very faint. This mixture of happiness and misery was killing. So my simple dress had attracted his favorable attention; that was a short-lived pleasure, when the reflection came that I would, of course, be immediately forgotten.

"Why don't you come from your corner and enjoy yourself more?" persevered my friend Betsy. "I think I'll send brother Jim to draw you out."

"Oh no — don't," I at last mustered up energy to say, "some people's enjoyment consists in looking on, at these places."

"I don't see why they do it then. I, for my part, like fun and frolic, and so might you, if you choose. You look much more like a water-lily than a wall-flower."

"You are very complimentary," I smiled, "but water-lilies, you know, are very fond of retirement."

"Well, I'll have to give you up then. If you're a priestess I'll get you to tell my fortune some time."

"I have no skill, and do not pretend to read the stars. Can you tell me where my father is?"

"The last I saw of him, he and Mr. Smith were in a deep game of —— something. One more glimpse, and he and a knot of them were discussing politics with all their might. I must go. I would'nt lose this set for something pretty."

The lively girl laughed as she danced away, leaving me to think, if my whirling brain *could* think, over her communications.

An open window was near me. Before it ran a piazza, the entire length of the house, and on it many couples had promenaded in the course of the evening. I thought it entirely deserted now, and drew nearer to the window to see the moon as it looked full on me with its friendly face, so much more familiar and sympathizing than those around me, so it seemed to me.

"Why not, my dear Adéle?"

"It is so pleasant as it is just now, Alfred. We are young, and let us enjoy ourselves yet more, before we settle into the ——." She appeared confused, and paused. He answered reproachfully.

"And I—I know of no enjoyment when we are separated,as we must necessarily be, if you continue to put me off in this way."

She made some arch reply which I did not hear, and some playful jesting appeared to ensue between them, the purport of which seemed to be, that he pressed his point, and she laughingly resisted.

I did not wait to hear the result; heart-sick and ashamed of having been an unintentional eaves-dropper, I left the window.

The aristocracy melted early from the assembly, and left the coarser portion to dance till daylight. When they had disappeared from the scene, when Adéle Fleurry's waving garments no

longer glided through the maze, nor Alfred's graceful movements fascinated my wistful gaze, the charm of the whole had departed. The

> "Lights seemed fled,
> The garlands dead,"

though the rollicking country girls and swains were dancing yet more energetically than in the first of the evening. They swept by me, back and forth; louder grew the laughter, while the musicians frantically tore at their violins, beating time with their feet, till the carpet was worn with their exertions almost thread-bare.

"Come, Mary, isn't it time to go?" asked my father, coming in with red eyes, and yawning more sleepily than politely.

I quickly arose, very tired, and so glad to go.

"Why don't you bid Mrs. Wharton good-bye, Mary?"

"She is engaged with her guests, father."

I felt mortified at his ignorance of etiquette, which I had learned from books, especially as his loud tone had attracted attention, and many turned to smile at the plain old man and his homely ways.—Mrs. Wharton heard him also and came forward, remonstrating on our early departure.

"Time to go, ma'am," replied my father, giving her a grip of his iron hand, "time I was in bed long ago, and time these young folks were too, to my thinking."

There was a general laugh in which he joined, while I quickly disappeared through the door, escaping sight and sound from that dreary ball-room.

I was very cold and faint when I gained the carriage, and felt deep self-reproach, when father kindly wrapt me up in the shawls that mother had provided.

So ended my first ball. My *first!* why should it not have been my last also.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is ordered, That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacko, publiquely, in the streett, highways or any barne yards, or upon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of sixpence for each offence against this order, in any the perticulars thereof, to bee paid without gainesaying, uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the severall townes, are required to make presentment to each perticular courte, of such as they doe understand, and can evict to bee transgressors of this order.—*Blue Laws of Connecticut.*

THE HAVERSACK.

Place aux dames!—We will begin the Haversack with an incident received indirectly from a Sister of Charity, at Bardstown, Kentucky:

On Bragg's retreat from Kentucky, a wounded Confederate had been so tenderly cared for by the kind Sisters as to excite the suspicion of rebel proclivities in the minds of the over-zealously loyal,—old flag Christians, who set up the dear old banner as an object of religious worship. The wounded rebel was accordingly taken from under their care, and placed in a ward between two Federal soldiers. A benevolent lady of the old flag persuasion was devoted in her attentions to the Federal soldiers, bringing them nice eatables, change of linen, &c.; but she repented too sincerely of the rebel's sins, even to look at him. As soon as the old flag saint had disappeared, the Federal soldiers would laugh heartily at her zeal, and divide their good things with the reb. One day, the conscience of the old flag Christian was unusually burdened on account of the rebel's sins, and she resolved to preach him a sermon, looking daggers at him, as she broke out in shrill accents:

"Well, Sir, how do you feel, lying here between two soldiers of the Union? Is'nt their presence and devotion to the best government the world ever saw, a constant reproach to you"?

Wounded Reb. "Madam, do you want a candid answer?"

Old flag Lady. "Yes, I want to know how you feel there between two Union soldiers?"

Wounded Reb. "Madam, I try to bear my situation between these Yankee soldiers with fortitude, remembering that an infinitely better man, than I, suffered near Jerusalem between two thieves."

The generous Federal soldiers enjoyed the discomfiture of the old flag Christian so much, that she brought no more delicacies to the Hospital.

The Confederate cause brought forth many striking instances of individual heroism. On the other hand, we occasionally hear of tricks and subterfuges among bomb-proofs and skulkers, that would do credit to the most ingenious yankee. The following is reported as strictly true:

A conscript sought to evade service, and adopted the following plan. Filling one of his ears with the contents of an egg which had reached that state of decomposition which precedes explosion, and closing the opening with a wad of wool, he presented himself, with a care-worn haggard look, and trembling step, to Dr. B., the examining surgeon—a credulous old practitioner of fifty odd. After the applicant had given a full statement of his case—particularly describing the pains in his head

and his running ear, the Doctor undertook to examine the latter organ. Pulling out the wad of wool, he encountered the stunning fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen, when he suddenly started back, exclaiming, "I excuse you. Go home and prepare to die! You will be dead in a week, or you *ought* to be dead in a week! Go home, sir."

The Federal Brigadier General and fifteen hundred prisoners captured at Hartsville by Hanson and Morgan, with six hundred confederates, were marched over to Murfreesboro. On their way, they passed by a little reb sitting on a threshing machine, kicking it with his heels and whistling Dixie to the best of his ability. The threshing machine looked rusty and dilapidated, and provoked the sarcasm of a Federal soldier, who said, "and that is a threshing machine. Well, it looks dirty and worthless enough to belong to Dixie." Our little reb stopped whistling long enough to reply, "this is our old threshing machine. We sent our new one to Hartsville along with Hanson and Morgan. Didn't it thrash well?"

The incident below comes to us from Montgomery, Alabama:

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, Hood's division was assigned the duty of picketing the Rappahannock, between the, then, deserted "Bernard House," and Fredericksburg; we, who but a few days before had buried some of our best comrades, now stood within fair rifle shot of those who had imposed on us the sad duty, and yet all was quiet as a May morning. The order had been issued, "there was to be no firing on the picket line." For awhile there was interest in studying the opposite shore, and the employment of the Yankee pickets, but this soon gave way to a desire for something to do, and barter became our constant occupation, interrupted occasionally by the Federal "Officer of the Day, on his rounds." When the wind was to Leeward—the pun is old I know, but you will excuse me, since it is apropos—the Yankees using a *Herald*, or some other northern paper as a sail, would send to us a cargo of coffee, which, when the wind set right, would be repaid with a *Dispatch*, or *Examiner* sail boat, laden with anything our chronic poverty permitted. I once saw Gen. Hood effect an exchange;—giving one of his Texans a paper, he asked him if he could get another for it, from "those fellows over there." The Texan got in a boat which was kept unknown to most of the officers, was soon on the other side *taking coffee* with "those fellows" and returned in a few minutes, with a paper for the General, and a handful of cakes.

Once on post, early in the night, we—myself and comrade—made an agreement with the pickets opposite, to visit them during our next "two hours," which would commence about the same time as theirs. In the meantime their intention was to go to their reserve picket for papers. Their signal for us to come was to be, "Dixie," whistled; about two

o'clock, a. m., and just as the moon was going out of sight, we heard "Dixie" faintly whistled, and jumping in our boats, were not long in making a landing, which, as it was dark we had to do, guided by the voices of the Yankees. We had taken our arms with us, thinking *it possible* that we *might* need them. One of them took our bow chain in hand as it touched bank, and after a few expressions of mutual regret that the war was likely to continue for some time, and after an exchange of presents, we were told that the pickets on the post above them belonged to another regiment, so for fear of trouble, they preferred that we should not stay long. With a shake of the hand we left them, followed by the expressed hope that we would live through the war—a hope which "Chickamauga" ended, by the death of my companion, and brave soldier.

How, I wonder, fared those members of the 24th Massachusetts?

The next incident comes to us from La Fayette, Alabama:

Early in March, 1862, soon after the fall of Fort Donelson, every home (with few exceptions) in Tennessee was thrown open to receive and entertain our brave soldiers passing to and fro trying to get to their commands. About dark, in the midst of a snow-storm, another knock at the front door for admittance was heard and answered by a servant, who coldly and gratuitously informed them they could not find a place to stay, that we were *full* to our uttermost capacity. I heard this, and went to the door, invited them in, when I saw, all covered with snow, an immensely stout confederate and a little boy, both armed and equipped as soldiers. As I took them back and seated them comfortably by our fine Tennessee fires, I remarked, "my little fellow, where can you be going this dreadful weather and armed like a soldier?"

His companion replied, "He is a soldier, and has been all the while."

I urged him to get out if he could and return home—I feared we would want such at a later day.

"Oh, Madam, don't persuade him to do this, for he is too good a soldier. Did you not see in the Nashville papers where a little boy not 15 years old, and less than five feet, came in camp at Fishing Creek, or *Mill Spring*, bringing in his prisoner, a six foot Yankee?"

I did remember, and asked if this was he—to which they both assented. I made him then tell me how he did it.

"O," he said, "It wasn't much I did. I was out on picket, and had an old flint-lock gun that often would not go off. I was picking the lock when a big Yankee called out 'you are my prisoner. Lay your gun down.' I remembered that from a child almost, I could kill a bird or squirrel with a stone. It now occurred to me if I could only find one close by, without seeming to hunt it, I might yet claim him as my prisoner. I looked about and saw one, just the thing I wanted, and

laid my gun down right by it, picked up the stone unperceived by the Yank. He commanded me to walk up to him. I did so, until I thought I was near him, and threw it—(David like) striking him just between the eyes on his nose; he fell as if he had been shot, and quivered like a beef. I knew he would rise, I ran to him, took his gun and ran far enough to order him to surrender. I called out he was my prisoner and between me and my camp, so I walked him into camp to the amusement and delight of all, and none more than Gen. Zollicoffer," who soon afterwards fell our lamented countryman, statesman, scholar, and friend.

The lad was Thomas Allen of Coffee county, Tennessee, but he belonged to Col. Hill's regiment, of Warren county Tennessee.

MRS. M. J. E.

Many a wild border story is told of Pete Everett, of Mount Sterling, Kentucky, and some of his adventures seem like tales of romance. As for instance, that getting hold, in Virginia, of a Kentucky paper, he learned that there would be a sale between Louisville and Lexington, Kentucky, at which, Pete suspected, the notorious Burbridge would be present. He, accordingly, started with seven followers on that long, weary tramp, with the faint hope of catching Burbridge, and thereby, stopping the murders in Kentucky. He reached the railroad between Lexington and Louisville precisely at the right time, and succeeded in capturing the train, but Burbridge was not there! He had tarried too long at his cups the night before, and was too drunk to take the cars. So his life was spared and many an innocent life was taken instead.

Everett with his small company, on another occasion, captured the important town of Maysville, and took many supplies. Among his other captures, was the "dear old flag," and he had it unfurled and claimed that he was as loyal as any one, since he marched under the stars and stripes. A large body of cavalry got in pursuit of him, and the Home Guards were directed, by telegraph, to guard all the roads leading into the mountains. The Federal cavalry, being on fresh horses, gained on him, and to escape being overtaken, he had boldly to face the Federal Home Guards. He dashed up with the old flag streaming to a party of *meelish* guarding the road, and told them that Everett was close behind. The meelish, not suspecting the trick, opened with cannon on the Federal cavalry pursuing Everett, and while this royal fight was taking place between these loyal men, Everett slipped off. He always felt it to be one of the most painful incidents in his life, that he could not stay and witness this pounding between loyal men.

At the battle of Bristoe Station one of the Georgia regiments was under a terrible fire. Capt. S —— was urging on his men to the thickest of the fight, when his first lieutenant, tapping him on the shoulder, pointed to another officer of the company, who was making for the rear, at a pace

much livelier than any laid down in Tactics. The captain gazed in silence at the fugitive for a few moments, and turning to his first lieutenant remarked, "if he had a bran new Brattleboro buggy swung to him, I would'nt give a d——n for it." The captain's coolness, under trying circumstances, is remarkable.

This heroic lieutenant reminds us of a little anecdote of an officer of higher rank. He was the first man to raise a white flag, and then, as if seized by St. Vitus' dance kept waving it persistently and incessantly. The father of our hero inquired some months after of some of the men, how his son had behaved. "Oh," replied they, "he waved the flag all the time."

Delighted with the account of his son's prowess, the old man told the story everywhere, "the cannon were bellowing, the shells were shrieking, the minnie balls were whistling, men were falling on every side, but there stood my son Dan, waving the flag and waving the flag."

Poor old man! he did not know that it was a white flag! In justice to Dan, we would mention that this battle cured him of his rebellious feelings. He became a good Union man from that hour, and is now an honored member of a "loyal league."

After the battle of Sharpsburg, and when the last of Gen. Lee's army had recrossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, a large body of the enemy advanced and attacked our rear division, when a fierce though short and bloody conflict occurred. The engagement was very near the little village, and some of the stray shot and shell passed through and over it. In the midst of the excitement and enthusiasm that prevailed among the citizens, for reports came that we were driving them, two young ladies, whose names I am not at liberty to give, determined in spite of the danger, to proceed a short distance down the river and witness the engagement from the flank of the contending forces.—They went, and led on by the interest of the occasion, advanced nearer and nearer until they were within a few hundred paces of the scene of action, and within view of the combatants. While standing upon a little hillock contemplating with superb awe and anxiety the bloody scene, and vainly endeavoring by voice and gesture to encourage our gallant troops as they steadily and surely pressed their opponents before them, as occasionally they could be seen amid the dust and smoke of battle, their attention was suddenly arrested by a movement at the foot of the little knoll on which they were standing. Imagine their surprise and fright at finding themselves within a few rods of a company of Federal soldiers. What were they to do?—Of course the first impulse was flight, but the Yankees were between them and home. Their retreat was cut off, and to advance down the river would have been to expose themselves to a most terrible fire of musketry. A moment decided. The elder advancing with all the courage she could summon, displaying at the

same time a small pocket pistol she held in her hand, demanded in a firm tone—"Halt!—surrender or you die!" "Halt," cried the sergeant in command, "what the thunder does this mean? Surrender to whom, and who will kill us, you?" "Throw down your arms at once and surrender to me, or you will every one be killed," continued the lady. "By Ned, boys, this looks mighty suspicious. I guess we'd better not risk it, there are stronger arms than those about here, so let's give up—down with your arms! Now, miss, where shall we go?" The latter part of this speech was uttered in tones of some alarm and anxiety. "Come along and I will show you where to go." The young heroine had now completely gained her composure, and self-possession, if ever she had lost it. A very few paces brought them in sight of a squad of patriots moving at a rapid pace, which the other young lady, with the same remarkable presence of mind, had run and brought to her companion's relief, from the neighboring town, during her parley with the soldiers. If I remember aright the company numbered twenty-seven men, who, when they found their troops were defeated, were trying to make their way in a body to their own side of the river.

E. A. O.,
Late Colonel 4th N. C.

Wilmington, N. C., gives another anecdote of the famous Scout Shadburne:

About thirteen miles from Hillsboro', N. C., Shadburne, while on a scouting expedition, discovered four Yankees approaching. Leaving the party, he rode forward with three men to meet them.—Shadburne always wore the Yankee uniform, and his party, on that day, were all decked in stolen plumage, looking as much Yankeefied as Confederates could possibly look. S. met the Yanks in a narrow lane, about 50 yards in front of a small negro cabin, and immediately entered into conversation with them, representing himself as a captain in the 100th Ohio cavalry.

They stated that they belonged to the 13th Penn., related their exploits during the day, showed a watch, several pieces of jewelry, &c., which they had *captured*, and told of the women they had frightened, &c., &c.

They were somewhat surprised when S. and his men each drawing a pistol, ordered them to surrender, but instead of obeying they attempted to draw their own weapons, when quick as thought the crack of four pistols rang upon the ear, and four more of Sherman's bummers met with justice.

During the conversation an old negro came out of the cabin, and attracted by the brilliant uniforms, and the glittering arms of "the sogers," slowly approached the lane.

He was some twenty feet off when the *denouement* took place, and as he saw the four Yanks roll over in the dust, with his hands raised, and an expression on his face which those who witnessed it can never forget, he exclaimed, "I neber seed de ting done dat way afore in all my born days."

The last seen of that negro he had got through his cabin, and was making a bee line for the woods in rear of it, running as if the devil was after him.

T. D. M.

At the battle of the Wilderness, a Georgia regiment, after a hard day's fighting, was encamped for the night on a part of the field where the contest had been most sanguinary. A member of this regiment was a jolly good "son of the Emerald Isle," who, being much fatigued after the day's honest fighting, was searching about for a soft spot, where he might repose his weary frame, and enjoy, for an hour or so, the luxury of undisturbed slumber.—A few yards in the rear of the line, Pat discovered a cot, or stretcher, that had been abandoned by some of the Medical Corps. The exhausted soldier blessed the Medical Department and his lucky stars, and immediately ensconced himself upon the cot; soon he was in the enjoyment of slumbers the most profound; they were, however, of brief duration, for Pat was aroused by the sound of a number of voices around him.—Startled and confused, he fancied he was in the hands of sanguinary Yanks, the poor fellow uttered a despairing groan, which was responded to by a sympathetic though rather rough voice, saying, "this is the fate of war, my good man—exercise patience and control, and we will soon fix your flint—lift him and proceed."

"What in the d—l do you mane, ain't I an irregular prisoner of war, do you not give quarters on your side, or is it murder that ye're after?"

"Keep quiet, my good fellow, talking will only superinduce additional hemorrhage, we will take your leg off as promptly as possible."

At this O'Brian springs from the cot, in which he had remained for some time, from utter bewilderment.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly, you murdering, hathen Yanks shall have no leg of Pat O'Brian this blessed night. I don't surrender. I breaks my pat.role." With these remarks he made a hasty retreat, very much to the astonishment of the surgeons, who, it seems, had left in a cot, a soldier with a shattered leg—they intending to return for him when an important demand for their prompt services had been complied with.

Just prior to Pat's occupation of the cot, a regular army ambulance, in passing, conveyed the seriously wounded soldier to the hospital.

O'Brian now resides in Augusta, Ga. He constantly interests his friends with wonderful accounts of narrow escapes, and shudders when narrating the salvation of himself and leg at the Wilderness.

The lying down anecdote below, comes to us from a re-*li*-able friend:

Trees, stumps and rocks, were sometimes in demand during the progress of a fight. A good *lying place* (not a lawyer's office) might often have been turned into cash.

As for instance—a member of company F. 14th N. C. T.—by the way, the company with which

Governor Vance entered the war as Captain—was giving his friends at home an account of a very fierce fight on the Peninsula. He said: We were marching through a thick wood to flank a portion of the enemy, and just as we entered the edge of an old field, three or four Yankee batteries opened on us at short range, with grape and cannister; such a storm I never saw since I was born! The Colonel shouted out, "lie down," and down we fell quick, but the dirt and gravel flew all over us, the limbs fell on us, and there was not a thing in the world to shield us from the terrible storm, and we had to just lie still and take it.

"Why did'nt you get behind a tree?" suggested a deeply interested listener; "*Tree*, the devil," said company F., "*there was'nt trees enough for the officers!*"

EDITORIAL.

SPITE of our warning against it, some subscribers will persist in sending the loyal greenbacks by mail. After awhile comes the inevitable letter, "Sir, some four weeks ago, I sent you subscription by mail, and have not heard from you since."

Registration, which once served only to point out to the thief where the money was, is now said to be safe. Post Office orders and checks can usually be obtained. Why then will people persist in tempting these loyal men?

We have made a note, however, in our memorandum book, that on the 6th of October, a letter, with greenbacks on board, did actually run the blockade from Claiborne, Alabama, and reach our office in safety. This want of vigilance on the part of the loyal officials is altogether unworthy of their party.

Having been supplied by the Department with some spurious bills to be used as decoys, we tried sending them from various points. The letters passed to and fro with unbroken seals. A truly loyal man can tell by the odor through the fold of a letter the character of a bill. When the fragrance of the loyal greenback is wanting, the letter is never disturbed. If our friends will persist in sending greenbacks, we hope that they will get them deodorised in some way! For as the loyal Falstaff knew the true Prince by instinct, so do the loyal officials know the true currency by the goodly savor thereof.

The maxim of Ben Franklin, "time is money" has taken deep hold of the Northern mind, and the thrift in that section is largely due to a wise appreciation of time. The very reverse is, and has always been, the case at the South.

Hundreds of splendid opportunities were lost during the war by indifference to the value of time. Napoleon said that he could never teach the Austrians the importance of *minutes*, by all the repeated beatings he gave them. Our reverses have not been able to teach us the importance of *hours* and even of *days*. It is mortifying for instance, to contrast the rapidity of Northern travel with our slow hum-drum way of getting along. We seem to take it for granted that there must be a delay at every town of importance on the road. The only possible excuse for the provoking stops is that the Hotels on the routes will be benefited thereby. We would suggest that a Traveler's Convention be held at Atlanta, or some central point, to make proposals to the Southern Railroads to be allowed to go through all towns without stopping, upon the payment of double what the Hotels could reasonably claim. Suppose, for instance, that a car-load of passengers should start from Southern Kentucky for our little back-woods village (and such a load would about double our population, though we are a chartered City!). Instead of stopping all night in the capital of Brownlow's Kingdom, let a City officer enter the car and state that the loyal Mayor and Council demanded six dollars from each passenger, for the benefit of the Hotels in Nashville, upon the payment of which, the cars would be allowed to proceed. The payment would be cheerfully paid and the travelers would go on their way rejoicing. In like manner, instead of stopping four hours for dinner at Chattanooga, let two dollars per head be collected from each passenger, and the train be allowed to proceed. In the same way, let four dollars be assessed at Atlanta, six dollars at Augusta and six at Columbia.

We think that such an arrangement might readily be made.—Travelers would enter into it with great pleasure, and what is still better, it would be satisfactory to the Hotels.

Poor old Lear in his desolate and neglected state expressed his abhorrence of ingratitude, in words which will be remembered as long as the English language shall be spoken. We had hoped that this would never be one of the sins of the South, over which the loyal North would have to repent and bemoan itself. But alas! for our hopes. Even ingratitude has to be added to the sin of rebellion, and that ingratitude is right here at our door in District No. 2. The big Boss of said District, the late lamented of said District, the martyr thereof, labored night and day to furnish loyal editors with a new advertising column every morning of a fresh and refreshing General or Special Order. With untiring zeal, he worked out a system of laws equal in bulk and vastly superior in wisdom to the Code of Napoleon or the Pandects of Justinian. With infinite satisfaction, the loyal editors published these multitudinous and multifarious edicts, glorying in the erudition of their Chief and

smacking their lips at the thought of the loyal greenbacks, which would be paid for the publication of the unexhausted and exhaustless stores of loyal and military lore. But alas! the axe came down and the head of the modern Law-giver fell on the sand. Was there not a howl of indignation among those admiring beneficiaries of the departed *savan* and hero?

With intense mortification we record the fact that there was none. Not a single grateful editor, with his pocket full of advertising greenbacks, set up a cry of distress and agony over the fall of their Chief. As it was in the days of Lear, so it is now and so it will ever be. Men have been ungrateful, men are ungrateful, and men will ever be ungrateful. Ingratitude is another Southern sin, which the Church of the Pilgrims must repent of, and mourn over in dust and ashes.

We are afraid that some of our loyal editors are not merely ungrateful for past favors, but are not as respectful to their royal employers as they should be.—For example, the Editor of the *New Era* (Atlanta, Georgia,) professes to be a loyal man, and he is rewarded with a column and a half of military orders, for which he is doubtless well paid. Side by side with these puffy, swollen, and windy proclamations, he advertises "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for *flatulence!* This is very suggestive, but is it altogether respectful to his big "Boss"?

Every survivor of the Mexican war will recollect General Scott's famous "itch order," in which he rebuked those who had an itching for unmerited distinction, or as Scott expressed it, "a pruriency for fame not earned."—As the newspapers of the whole country publish the "Orders" of the big "Bosses" and even of some of the little ones, the publication of a new "order" always attracts the attention of the free, enlightened and happy people of the best government the world ever saw.—Publishing "orders" is therefore a certain road to extensive notoriety. Coupling this fact with General Scott's "itch order," we have no difficulty in understanding why the *New Era* man has placed an advertisement of "Wheaton's Itch Ointment" along side of the column and a half of military edicts. That editor has a suggestive mind and we hail him in the brotherhood, but he needs reconstructing badly! It is very strange that our loyal Magazine, with its extensive circulation, should not receive any of these proclamations for publication.—We would be very reasonable in our charge and would call attention editorially to the orders, and would make our comments upon them without an additional fee.—Moreover, we trust that we have too true a sense of propriety and what is due to our superiors to mix up their orders with advertisements of carminative syrups and itch plaisters!

No newspaper in the West goes to greater trouble and expense than does the Louisville *Courier* to furnish a choice variety of ex-

cellent reading matter to its cultivated patrons. The correspondents of this paper are selected with great care and their statements can usually be depended upon as entirely accurate. But we have discovered a grave error in the Nashville correspondence, which should not be allowed to pass without correction. In speaking of His Excellency, the Governor of Tennessee, the Nashville correspondent calls him "the twin brother of the Devil." Now we, of course, do not know what opportunities this writer may have had for acquaintance with the family of His Satanic Majesty, but we hardly suppose that his sources of information can be greater than those of the three writers, Job, Milton and Goethe, who have written the most about this remarkable individual, and they attribute to him very different qualities from those possessed by the reverend blasphemer of East Tennessee. Thus Job tells us that His Satanic Majesty is fond of good company. (See chap. 1, verse 6) a charge which Brownlow's worst enemy never brought against him. Milton represents his hero as the high arch-angel ruined, chivalrous and daring—always *leading* his legions to the fray, and not looking on like poor Burnside with "a powerful field glass" three miles from the battle field. Brownlow was a soldier of the Burnside school, urging others to the slaughter, but keeping out of the way of the balls in his own proper person. He bore no resemblance in this respects to the great chieftain of Milton's epic.

Goethe represents the gentleman in black as remarkably neat in his person, and as wearing clean hoofs instead of dirty socks. In short, Goethe describes the Governor of Pandemonium to be just the opposite of the Governor of Tennessee in manners and in person. We are inclined therefore to think that the correspondent of the *Courier* is in error, and that the two Governors have nothing in common except the mutual delight they feel in seeing their subjects in hot water.

Just after New England fanaticism had drenched the land in blood, professedly in the interests of the negro, Agassiz, the popular idol of that region, proclaimed from their Mars Hill that the negro did not have the same origin as the white man, and in fact differed more from the white man than he did from the monkey.

This is the first significant fact. Next comes Helper, the "Impending Crisis" man, who had been induced to assume the authorship of a book, which as one of the Abolition agencies, helped to send a quarter of a million of men to untimely graves. This Helper follows up the blow of Agassiz at the negroes with a most atrocious book called Nojoque, advocating their banishment and plainly intimating that he would rejoice in their extermination.

The third significant fact is the publication, at Cincinnati, of a book called "The Negro," by an author, who assumes the name of Ariel. The writer attempts to prove from the Bible that the negro is a beast without a soul,

that he is the identical serpent that tempted Eve, and that for forming alliances with his race, the white race was cursed with the Deluge, with confusion of tongues at Babel, with the destruction of the cities of the plain, &c., &c.

What does it all mean? What will be the next step in the programme of the Abolitionists? Are the negroes dying out too slow to suit their impatience, and are they preparing the public mind for banishment or extermination. They are capable of anything dreadful, and wicked, being actuated solely by regard for the interests of themselves, and by envy and hate for all the rest of mankind.

This weak and wicked book of Ariel has made many converts. Nor is it difficult to understand this. He professes to reason from the Scriptures, and he and his followers make the boldest assumptions, and answer arguments by flat denials of admitted facts, or else they set up absurdities as undeniable truths. It is, of course, impossible to convince them of the fallacy of the book. We will give the following as a specimen of an attempt made by ourselves. We must premise, however, that the negro in Kentucky is called "Bureau." We could not learn what particular infraction of the Eighth Commandment had won for him that epithet, but at any rate, he has it. In conversing with an Ariel man one day, we said the book is unscriptural, Paul declared to the refined and fastidious Athenians, who looked scornfully upon the rest of mankind, that "God hath made of one blood all nations."—"Ah! just there is your mistake" said our antagonist, "the negro is not a nation at all, he is only a Bureau"! Of course, we did not continue the discussion with one whose prejudices were so strong against "the man and the brother." But it pained us to think that a Kentuckian could use such harsh language, with regard to those who were useful and contented members of society, before this Abolition war began.

The mention of the Bureau suggests a fact which has come within our observation. It has often been said, that Free-loveism, Fourierism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and no other *ism* could find a lodgment at the South.—However, owing to the easy, careless, indolent nature of the Southern people, there was danger that Universalism or the doctrine of universal salvation should take root among us. But since the introduction of the Blessed Bureau, there is not a man, woman, or child at the South, who does not regard the doctrine as a monstrous absurdity. The Bureau has demonstrated to every thinking mind the necessity for future punishment!

We have conversed with planters from all parts of the Cotton States, and they all concur in this, that they cannot raise cotton at the present price, and pay the tax, and that they will not attempt it another year. Now we are very fully impressed with the belief that the Government can-

not do without the products of the South, and it becomes the part of enlightened Statesmanship to restore the agriculture of the South to something like its former condition. The rice of 1860 amounted to 187,140,173 lbs. Georgia and Carolina alone furnished two-thirds the export rice of the world. That export trade is entirely destroyed, and rice from China, has actually been sold in Charleston Harbor. The cotton of 1860 amounted to 5,196,944 bales. It has fallen to 2,019,271 bales in 1866, and is destined to a greater decline, and it may be to extinction.

The sugar crop of 1860 was 302,205 hogsheads. Last year, it was 80,000 and this year it will be less. The tobacco crop of 1860 was 429,364,761 lbs. It has had a similar, though not so great, a decline. Pitch, tar and turpentine, cypress shingles, live oak timber, hemp, flax, wheat, and generally all Sourthern products have been fearfully reduced. The great West has almost totally lost its Southern market for corn, mules, horses, hogs, &c. Thousands in the rich producing region of the United States have been kept from actual want by the generous charity of the manufacturing or non-producing section of our vast country. How long can the United States afford to have its producers turned into paupers? In no period of her history has the South shewed greater energy than during the last two disastrous years. Without money, without credit, without permanent labor, and under the depression of unfriendly legislation, she has repaired her waste places, built up her burnt towns and villages, restored her torn up rail-roads, started once more her schools and colleges, and so cultivated her soil as to furnish three-fourths of the exports of the country. This agricultural labor has been carried on where levees had been cut exposing to inundations, where fences had been burnt, implements of husbandry destroyed, and horses and mules so scarce that men and *even women* have pulled the plough by hand. Is there not enough here to excite the admiration of the most malignant philanthropist? Is there not enough here to suggest the thought that the South, with friendly legislation and a generous helping hand, would soon afford once more a market for the West, and impart confidence to the credit of the Government? The products of the South even now constitute almost the sole exports of the country, and therefore almost the sole hope of establishing the currency upon a sure basis! Northern men, who have attempted the cultivation of Southern farms, have generally made miserable failures. The Southern people, of course, understand the culture of their own staples and the management of their own system of labor better than the rest of the world can.—Hence, enlightened self-interest should prompt the North and West to give a wise encouragement to Southern planters by a fair and equal legislation, imposing upon them no heavier burdens than they themselves are willing to bear. No man of sense doubts that the agriculture of

the South built up the great cities of the North and made the whole United States rich and prosperous. No one at all conversant with statistics doubts that upon resuscitating the South depends the only hope of maintaining the credit of the government at home and abroad. The rich bond-holders, the merchant princes, the farmers, the mechanics—all classes and conditions are interested in Southern prosperity. The party that devises unjust and unequal legislation for that section will surely be pushed to the wall. Self-interest will in the long run get the better of hate and prejudice.—However willing the loyal North may be to see the rebellious South punished, the loyal North is not willing to see ruin brought to her own border to accomplish that object. We think that the day is not distant when the American people will see that they are paying too dear for their whistle of negro equality. If we estimate the bale of cotton at one hundred dollars, the payment last year in the reduced production of cotton amounted to three hundred and seventeen millions, seven hundred and seventy-four thousand, three hundred dollars! ($317,774,300.) Assuming that the loss upon all the other products of the South is equal to that upon cotton, we paid last year $635,548,600 for this ebony whistle. How long will the people be willing to sustain this *annual* loss? A voice has reached our little backwoods village on this 9th October morning, coming from Pennsylvania and Ohio, "this is the last year of folly!" So may it be.

In our August number, we ventured to suggest to our colored brethren that they should put on probation for a season, their new lovers, who had once been negro-traders or fire-eaters. As our advice was received in such a kind and appreciative spirit, we venture to drop them another hint. In the first transports of requited love when the youthful pair are exchanging vows, and for the first time having a tender exchange of confidential confessions, it is usual (so say the novel writers) for the enamored couple to ask one another, "when did you first begin to love me?" It is delightful for them to trace back in their own experience the first awakening of the soft emotion, and each desires to know when the other first felt the kindling of the gentle flame. The lady, especially, is inclined to learn the precise day, yea the precise moment when her dear swain heaved the first sigh for her. And if she be at all jealously inclined, she will not rest satisfied until she has found out all the motives, causes and attendant circumstances, which brought about the first sigh. Was it the charming style of her dress? Was it the sweetness of her smile? Was it her singing or dancing? Was it some noble sentiment she uttered, or some sparkling witticism? All these interrogatories and many more (we get *our* information from the story books) are pressed upon her lover, and he has to tell the precise moment when Cupid's arrow struck him, and describe the precise feather which winged the arrow.

Our suggestion to our colored

brother is that he should imitate the prudence, as well as the tenderness, of the jealous lover.—When the old negro-trader and the old secessionist comes billing and cooing around you, gratify him with a kiss of tenderness, but at the same time, ask him, "when did you first begin to love me? Was it before or after the battle of Gettysburg? Was it before or after the passage of the Sherman bill? What was it made you love me? Was you heart won by the shape of my nose, the quality of my hair or the style of my foot? Were you subdued, however, not by my personal graces, but by the charms of my conversation and the nobleness of my soul"?

All these questions are important and we hope that they will be duly propounded. The negro has a right to know at what precise moment the tender passion first seized the old negro-trader, and what particular grace of person or character first excited the soft emotion.

Since we have become a loyal editor, we feel an irresistible inclination to explain our meaning by a "little anecdote," after the manner of the "late lamented."

We remember that in our youthful days, (a long time ago,) a gentleman (with whose subsequent history the world has resounded) came to us and said, "I don't know how it is, but I once thought the features of Miss —— were harsh, now they seem to me all sweetness." As the lady in due season became his wife, we presume he found out the cause of his change of opinion. Did little Cupid have something to do with it? So it seemed to us.

The President of the first negro Convention, which met in Raleigh, had told Gen. Howard a short time before, that the negroes were incorrigible thieves and liars, and that there was no good thing in them. What caused his sudden change of views? Had the mischievous God with his bow and arrows any thing to do with it? If so, at what time was the shaft shot? How deep did it penetrate? Let each fond lover be asked the question "when did you first love me?" "How much do you love me?"

For fear that all may not be equally candid, we will give the answer of the frankest of the crowd of adorers. "I began to love you just after the passage of the Sherman bill. My love is equal to the extent of my property, and the measure thereof is my fear of confiscation!"

The article, called "Recollections of Fredericksburg," in our October number, was kindly furnished to us by Gov. Humphreys, of Mississippi. It contains an apparent reflection upon General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. Our aim is to give an impartial hearing to every body. We have received a note from Gen. Pendleton setting forth the facts in the case and publish it in his own words.

In looking over Humphrey's account of Fredericksburg against Sedgewick, I notice he says I would only send to Barksdale's aid a section of guns of the Washington Artillery, when I had a large number doing nothing. He is wholly mistaken. He was not in

a situation to know the facts of the case. The error had been committed by General Chilton, whether by General Lee's positive direction I am not actually sure, of ordering away nearly all the guns against my remonstrances, so that I had to strain a point in sending to Barksdale's assistance even two guns. But I cannot do more here than merely mention the matter.

That which has astonished our people the most in the character of the Abolition emmissaries sent among us, is the extraordinary aptitude they have shown in squeezing money out of this sorely harried and bummerized region. Their first plan was to involve the negroes in broils with the whites and then reap a rich harvest of fines through the Blessed Bureau. Their next step was to establish little schools for the dear little piccaninnies, and when the funds of said schools were about exhausted to bid their precious charges a tearful adieu, leaving behind as treasured mementos their saintly photograms at a dollar a piece. The third scheme is still in successful operation. It consists in establishing "Loyal Leagues," charging three dollars for initiation fees and half a dollar per week for contingent expenses.

Looking down the long vista of ages, St. Paul saw all this shuffling and struggling and squirming of the Abolitionists for sordid pelf, and he has, in a single sentence, described their character, "supposing that gain is godliness." (1 Tim. vi. verse 5) Dr. Dabney in his able and eloquent "Defence of Virginia" thus alludes to St. Paul's charge of covetousness against the Abolitionists:

"The more carefully these words of the Holy Ghost are considered, the more exceedingly remarkably will they appear.—Doubtless, every reader of previous ages has felt a slight trace of wonder, that the apostle should have left on record a rebuke of such particularity, sternness, and emphasis, when there appeared nothing in the opinions or abuses of the Christian world, of sufficient importance quite to justify it. We have no evidence that, either in the primitive or mediæval church, any marked disposition prevailed to assail the rights of masters over their slaves, to such extent as to threaten the disorganization of civil society or the dishonoring of Christianity thereby. This denunciation of the apostle seems to have been sufficient to give the *quietus* to the spirit of abolition, so long as any reverence for inspiration remained. Even while the policy of the Roman Church and clergy was steadily directed to the extinction of feudal slavery in Western Europe, it does not appear that the doctors of that church assailed the master's rights or preached insubordination to the slaves. Why then did St. Paul judge it neccessary to leave on record so startling a denunciation? The question is answered by the events of our age: these words were written for us on whom these ends of the world have come.—And we have here a striking proof that his pen was guided by omniscient foreknowledge. The God who told Paul what to write, foresaw that though the primitive church stood in comparatively slight need of such admonitions, the century would come, after the lapse of eighteen ages, when the church would be invaded and defiled by the deadly spirit of modern abolitionism, a spirit perverse,

blind, divisive and disorganizing, which would become the giant scourge and opprobrium of Christianity. Therefore has this stern warning been recorded here, and left standing until events should make men understand both its wisdom and the lineaments of the monster which it foreshadowed. The learned Calvin, and the amiable Henry, in explaining the Epistle to Philemon, allude to the question: Why should this short letter, which directly touches no public concernment of the churches, written on a personal topic from Paul to his friend, be preserved among the canonical Scriptures by God's Spirit and providence? They answer, that it was placed there because, although short and of private concernment, it teaches us many pleasing lessons of Paul's condescension and courtesy, and above all, of the adaptation of Christianity to visit, purify, and elevate the lowest and vilest of the ranks of men. This is true, so far as it goes; but another part of God's purpose is now developed. He left this little Epistle among his authoritative words, because he foresaw that the day would come when the Church would need just the instructions against insubordination, which are here presented in a concrete case."

BOOK NOTICES.

DIE MODENWELT, edited by Trang Lipperheide, in Berlin, and printed by Edelman, of Leipsic, is one of the leading magazines of fashion in Europe. Mr. S. T. Taylor, 349 Canal Street, New York, publishes a translation, with the engravings, as nearly as possible *fac-similes* of the original. A lady friend says of it, "It is the best thing of the kind that I know —just what is needed by Southern ladies who cannot now send their orders to Paris, or even New York, as they did in former times. The patterns, which I have tried, are all good, and the directions are so clear and minute, that any lady who sews neatly can make fashionable and elegant garments for herself, her children and even her husband, for patterns for gentlemen's clothing are also given. This periodical gives us a high idea of the housewifely qualities of the German ladies, for nothing but the requirements of such a class of ladies could have brought into existence such a magazine.—Not only does it give patterns for bonnets, blouses, dresses, cloaks, &c., for the ladies, and hats, coats and pants of gentlemen and boys, but directions for making many kinds of household conveniences, amongst other things I notice a carpet sack for the feet—which must have been devised by some delicate lady, who knows what it is to suffer with cold feet on a journey or in church. We commend most heartily, this German production, to Southern belles, as well as housewives and mothers." Terms, for one year, $3.00

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—This old favorite still brings its monthly freight of good things to the expectant reader. "Brownlows" is a charming tale not yet finished. Had the author visited the American shores in 1867, he would have given his pretty romance a different name. The "Royal Idyll" shows the view taken by British scholars of the Queen's book, and we read it with a feeling of envy for the people to whom loyalty is so pleasant. They love their sovereign as poor "little Giffen of Tennessee" loved the South. The loyal Tory writer even "hears, with doffed bonnet and bent knees, that her Majesty was irritated and prejudiced against the Tories," and adds "It was the only unreasonable and incomprehensible sentiment which we have had the pain to hear from the lips of our sovereign.—But our liege Lady was young, and youth, even when most perfect, is liable to hallucinations.—And the party then in power may have felt themselves safe in prepossessing her mind against their political rivals; for what could shake *our* loyalty to the crown?"

Happy are the people who have but *one* sovereign, and that a loving and a gentle one.

A DEFENCE OF VIRGINIA (AND THROUGH HER OF THE SOUTH) IN RECENT AND PENDING CONTESTS AGAINST THE SECTIONAL PARTY. By ROBERT L. DABNEY, D. D., of Virginia, late of the Confederate Army. Published by EDWARD J. HALE & SON, 16 Murray-street., New York. Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of $1.50:

May God bless this noble champion, of Virginia, the South, and of Bible truth. In these days of doubt, despondency, and gloom, when our former ideas of right and wrong become confused, and failing faith is almost ready to ask, like Pilate, "what is truth?" such a volume comes like "cold waters to a thirsty soul." Dr. Dabney is, himself, one of that "precious seed of men, who are men of principle, and not of expediency; who alone (if any can) are able to reconstruct society, after the tumult of faction shall have spent its rage, upon the foundations of truth and justice." In his arguments in the 5th and 6th chapters, however, we expected to find some recognition of a distinction between heathen and Christian slaves. Should not a heathen slave, who becomes a Christian, be entitled to all the privileges of a Hebrew slave? St. Paul says, "if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed." By becoming, therefore, Abraham's seed, ought he not to enjoy the civil rights of Abraham's children? We would like the opinion of Dr. Dabney and other theologians on this point, simply in its bearing on scriptural elucidation.

COMPENDIUM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, with Questions, adapted to the use of Schools. By M. J. KERNEY, A. M. Author of First Class Book of History, &c. Published by JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore:

We think this an excellent com-

pendium of history, and recommend it to all Southern schools.

MODERN HISTORY from the coming of Christ to the year of our Lord, 1867. By PETER FREDET, D. D., Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Published by JOHN MURPHY & Co., Marble Building, 182. Baltimore-street, Baltimore:

This, also, is a valuable book for schools.

THE WORK OF CHRIST. By ENOCH M. MARVIN, D. D.—Published by P. M. PINCKARD, 108. Pine-street, St. Louis, Mo. Price 65 cents:

This is a small book of 137 pages. The author says: "The writing of this little book has been a means of grace to me. What the thought may be to others, I know not; to me it has been a living power. I contemplate Christ and his work, and worship God with a deeper joy."

DIARY OF A SOUTHERN REFUGEE. By a Lady, of Virginia. E. J. HALE & SON, 16, Murray street, New York. Mailed, free of postage, for $2:

We have not had time to read this book, which is gotten up in Mr. Hale's usual, beautiful style.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, July, 1867. We are gratified to see this able and scholarly Review maintaining the high character with which it began the first quarter of the present year.

The opening article in this number is entitled "Ireland and her miseries," in which is compressed a most instructive and well written resumé of the history of that long oppressed and unhappy country. At the close, reference is made to the Fenian movement, and the encouragement given it by the United States Government, during our struggle, is assigned as a reason why such large numbers of the Irish were inveigled into the Northern armies.

The second article contains an account of the Atlantic Telegraph, in which the claims of Cyrus W. Field upon the gratitude of mankind, while amply acknowledged and appreciated, are shown to be something less than those of Christopher Columbus upon the same.

The third article, and one which has most pleased us, is devoted to "John Stuart Mill and Dr. Lieber on Civil Liberty." Mr. John Stuart Mill is one of the leaders of the English Radicals, and is pronounced by his followers, both in England and America, as 'the king of thinkers.' His work 'On Liberty' appeared, we believe, in 1865, and was hailed as the glorious 'evangel of the nineteenth century.' Did space permit we would be glad to present some of the points on which the Reviewer lays bare Mr. Mill's inconsistencies, misrepresentations, and fanatical and reckless disregard of the claims of truth; especially the notice of his attack on the morality of the New Testament, which is shown to be a compound of ignorance, self-contradiction and vanity, of itself sufficient to discredit, if not to disgrace, his pre-

tensions as an apostle of Liberty, or as a sound thinker.

The fourth article has for its subject the celebrated Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans. To the fair reader, indeed to all who would know something of a woman whose native genius and splendid achievements are without a parallel in the annals of her sex, the article will be highly entertaining.

"The North and the South" is the title under which are treated some interesting questions in our political history, debated in secret session in the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and which first saw the light in the publication of the *Madison Papers*.

The readers of romance will be interested in the essay on "Picaresco Romances," and our fair countrywomen of culture will enjoy the article on "Xanthippe and Socrates," in which the character of that ancient shrew is defended with learned and gallant ingenuity.

The "Causes of Sectional Discontent" is the subject of an article which is timely and ably written.

The number concludes with a trenchant criticism upon Mr. McCabe's "Life and Campaigns of General R. E. Lee," and the usual book notices.

To all thinking men in the South, to the young men and young women especially, we cordially commend this *Review*. Since Sydney Smith, and his co-adjutors founded the *Edinburg Review* in 1802, there has been developed a new power in the world of thought and letters.—The *Monthly* and *Quarterly* periodical has become indispensable to every one who would be at all informed on the great questions which agitate the world at the present day. We trust Prof. Bledsoe, whom we regard as one of the ablest writers in this country, may reap the success which his efforts so highly deserve. The *Review* is published at No. 6, St. Paul's street, Baltimore, by Bledsoe & Browne. J. M. H.

Our Engraving is the portrait of Julia, only child of Stonewall Jackson.

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Hosiery, Gents Furnishing Goods,

SMALL WARES, &C.

Sole Agents for Green & Daniels Spool Cotton.

21 Hanover St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept., 1867.—3m*

PALMER, HARTSOOK & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

105 and 107 FOURTEENTH STREET, SECOND DOOR BELOW CARY,

RICHMOND, VA.

GEO. S. PALMER, DAN'L J. HARTSOOK, — WM. B. ISAACS, W. H. PALMER.

Consignments of WHEAT, TOBACCO, &c., solicited.

Agents for Ficklin & Williams, Sugar Refiners. For Sale—Peruvian Guano, Fertilizers, Agricultural and Mineral Lands, and many desirable Goods.

Proprietors U. S. Bonded Warehouse No. 1.

Sept 1867—3m*

T. H. KELLOGG, *Late firm of G. J. Sumner, & Co.* J. W. GIBSON. *Of Richmond, Va.*

KELLOGG & GIBSON,

Importers and Dealers in

CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE,

AND

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

No. 1317,

MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

September, 1867—3t

L. PASSANO & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Notions, Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Trimmings and Small Wares,

268 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

SHIPLEY, ROANE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CLOTHING.

303 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DANIED E. SHIPLEY, HENRY W. ROANE, GEORGE W. HOWARD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

AUSTIN, DALL & CO.,

DRY GOODS COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 22 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE.

No. 7 College Place, NEW YORK.

Sole Agents for the Cassimeres, Kerseys, &c., from the Washington Manufacturing Company, Kelly. Tackett, Ford & Co., Proprietors, Fredericksburg, Va.

AND FOR THE

Rock Island Woolen Mills of

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS,

Ribbons, Millinery, Silk and Straw Goods,

237 & 239 BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

WHITELEY, BRO. & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS,

281 W. BALTIMORE STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 1867—3m*

BAKER BROTHERS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

BALTIMORE WINDOW GLASS,

DRUGGISTS GLASSWARE, VIALS, BOTTLES, JARS &c.

PAINTS, COLORS, OILS, GLUE.

32 and 34 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept 1867—3m*

TURNBULL & CO.,

Dry Goods and Commission Merchants,

37 Walker Street, NEW YORK,

16 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

NORRIS & BALDWIN,

18 Hanover Street, Baltimore,

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON YARNS, SHEETINGS,

OSNABURGS AND COTTON.

Sept. 1867—3m*

GUANO AND FERTILIZERS,

THE undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the Planting Community to his Fertilizing compounds, and confidently asserts their superior excellence.

For several years before the war he was engaged with John Kettlewell, Esq., now deceased, in the preparation of Fertilizers, and none attained to a more excellent reputation than the

KETTLEWELL MANIPULATED GUANO,

and deservedly so, when the composition of this valuable preparation is made known. Simply, an intimate combination of *choice Peruvian* and *Phosphatic Guano*, by costly machinery, with the addition now of absorbent *Alkali* as advised by eminent counsel. In the re-introduction of this compound in 1866, further testimony has been added setting forth its great value in the production of *Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Tobacco, &c.*, and now challenges competition with any compound, not excepting Peruvian Guano in the production of *all crops* and permanent improvement of land. The theory advanced by Mr. Kettlewell, introducing the manipulated Guano in reducing the Ammonia of the Peruvian Guano and increasing the Bone Phosphate of Lime is now accepted by a vast number of planters as the proper mode of application. In the border and gulf States universal testimony is accredited. It produces more grain of better quality than Peruvian Guano pound for pound—as a permanent Fertilizer admits of no comparison—beautifully prepared for drill or broadcast.

AMMONIATED ALKALINE PHOSPHATE,

A GENERAL MANURE.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A universal manure extensively used in the Cotton States for Cotton.

Alkaline Phosphate,

Very rich in Potash, Soda, Phosphate, Chlorine, &c.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A great manure for Cotton. Tobacco, Root and Grass crops.

POTASH AND PLASTER COMBINED IN BBLS.

PURE GROUND PLASTER IN BBLS.

I have nothing to conceal and earnestly invite all planters to investigate my works, material, &c.

Prices in Baltimore---Cash.

Kettlewell's A. A. M. Guano, half and half	$70	pr. Ton,	2000 lbs.
" A. " " ½ and ½	60	" "	"
Ammoniated Alkaline Phosphate	55	" "	"
Alkaline Phosphate	45	" "	"

Sold by agents throughout the Southern States, where analysis and certificates can be seen.

Reference to agents, consumers and mercantile community of our city, also to Gen. D. H. Hill, of this magazine.

G. OBER.

Sept 1867—6m 68 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY'S

SOLUBLE

PACIFIC GUANO.

Office of General Agency, 71 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

JNO. S. REESE & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts for the Company.

THE very extended use of this GUANO throughout the country has fully made known its remarkable excellence and superiority. If concurrent testimony as the result of experience affords any guide to truth, this Guano is worth more dollars per ton that Peruvian Guano. This testimony can be had from farmers in all parts of the country. It is a result that must follow from the composition of the Guano. It is unnecessary for us to say more than that the quality and composition of the Guano now in market is the same as that heretofore sold by us for the Company. The same system of inspection is kept up. This is done at a heavy annual expense to the Company, as well for their interests as the protection of consumers.

Sold by Agents in all the markets of the United States, and by local dealers generally.

HUTCHISON, BURROUGHS & CO.,
Agents, Charlotte, N. C.
E. NYE HUTCHISON & CO.,
Agents, Salisbury, N. C.

Sept. 1867—6m

Maryland Depository, M. E. Church South.

SELBY & DULANY,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELELRS & STATIONERS.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Stationery, School and Blank-Books.

MANUFACTURERS AGENTS FOR WARRINGTON & CO'S.,

"Continental Steel-Pen Works."

(STEEL-PENS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.)

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

SELBY & DULANY,

332 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

NORTH CAROLINA REFERENCE:

Hon. R. W. BEST, Secretary of State.

Sept. 1867—3m*

NOAH WALKER & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CLOTHIERS,

WASHINGTON BUILDING, 165 and 167 W. BALTIMORE-ST.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Supply ready-made, and ordered work to all parts of the country promptly by Express.

Keep always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

CLOTHING,

Directions for Measuring

Sent upon application, with samples of GOODS.

Sept. 1867—1yr*

JAMES M. ANDERSON & SON,

ENGRAVERS STATIONERS,

AND DEALERS IN FANCY GOODS,

148 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards,
English and French Stationery,
Envelopes and Fancy Goods.

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS IN NEWEST STYLES.

MONOGRAMS, CRESTS AND INITIALS TO ORDER AND STAMPED IN COLORS OR PLAIN. BOOKS OF HERALDRY KEPT FOR REFERENCE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

Patapsco Guano Company's

AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, FOR, COTTON, TOBACCO, GRAIN, GRASSES, &c., IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.

NEALE, HARRIS & CO., Gen'l. Agents,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFER TO

Col. R. R. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C.
Col. J. L. Bridgers, " "
And to all who have used the Guano.
R. H. Smith, Esq., Scotland Neck, N. C
Dr. W. J. Hawkins, Ridgeway, N. C.,

Sept 1867—1yr*

WILLIAM WILKINS. H. H. GRAUE.

WILLIAM WILKINS & CO.,

Steam Curled Hair and Bristle Manufacturers.

DEALERS IN

Hair-Cloth, Damask, Plush and Upholsterers, &c.

Cabinet and Coachmaker's Materials in General.

Corner of Pratt and Charles-St., BALTIMORE, MD.

217 Pearl Street. NEW-YORK.

Sept 1867—3t*

THE

Baltimore & Havana Steamship Company.

This Line comprises the following First-Class Steamships:

LIBERTY, 1,250 Tons, Thos. A. Bain, Commander;
CUBA, 1,100 Tons, J. M. Dukehart, Commander;

Which are despatched every fortnight, alternately, from Brown's Wharf, Fell's Point, Baltimore, to Havana and New Orleans, calling at Key West, carrying the U. S. Mail.

HENRY M. WARFIELD & CO., AGENTS,
No. 16 SPEAR'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

GADDESS BROS.,

SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. GADDESS,

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

Corner of Sharp and German Sts., Baltimore.

Monuments, Tombs and Head Stones of American and Italian Marble of Original Design, always on hand.

Sept 1867—3m*

JOHN W. JENKINS.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & HATS,

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CITY WORK,

No. 275 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Sept 1867—3m*

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

CANFIELD, BRO. & CO.,

229 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Gold and Silevr Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Stones, Fine Jewelry

Of the greatest variety and newest styles.

ELEGANT SILVER WARE.

Fine Silver-Plated Ware of the best quality,

Including an assortment of the GORHAM COMPANY'S Superior Nickel Plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Casters, Baskets, Butter Stands, Pickle Stands, Forks, Spoons, &c., &c.

Paris Clocks, Bronzes and rich Fancy Goods.

Trans. Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

MILITARY GOODS.

PURCHASERS CAN RELY UPON GOODS BEING AS REPRESENTED.

Sept. 1867—3m*

A. CATE & CO.,
LUMBER YARD,

AND

PLANING MILL,

Cor. E. Falls Avenue and Fawn Street,

Baltimore, Md.

C. CATE, - - - - - - - - - E. B. HUNTING.

Sept. 1867—3m*

WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVERWARE,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, BY

Larmour & Co., Light-St.

Chronometer Watches, Timing Watches, Stem-Winding Watches, Heavy Silver Watches, Diamond Jewelry, Pearl Jewelry, Coral Jewelry, Other styles of Jewelry, Chain and Band Bracelets, Studs and Sleeve-Buttons, Wedding Rings, Gents Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Ware, Wedding Presents, Ladies' Gold Chains, Gents' Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Tea Sets, Waiters and Casters, Forks, Spoons and Knives, Rogers' Table Cutlery, Clocks and Opera-Glasses, Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Gold Pens and Pencils.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired at short Notice.

Sept. 1867—6m*

GEO. W. WEBB & CO.,

CORNER BALTIMORE AND LIGHT STREETS.

Importers of Diamonds.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Jewelry and Silver Ware.

Agents for the celebrated Patrick Phillippe & Co's., Watches.

Sept. 1867—3m*

HENRY JAMES & CO.,

CITY BLOCK, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.,

Manufacturers and dealers in

WHITE PINE,

Framing Timber, Docking and Ship Plank.

Wholesale and Retail.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ESTABLISHED, 1817.

SAMUEL KIRK & SONS,

NO. 172 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,

Manufacturers of

Elegant Silver Ware, Silver Sets, Spoons and Forks, Bridal Presents, Diamonds, Pearls, Ladies' Watches, Chains, Plated Ice Pitchers, Plated Sets,

FOR SALE AT NO. 172 BALTIMORE STREET.

Sept. 1867—6m*

BALTIMORE STEAM SUGAR REFINERY,

Lombard and Concord-Sts.

and Jones' Falls.

WOODS, WEEKS & CO.,

Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 1867—m6*

JOS. GEGAN, JR., W. H. GEGAN.

GEGAN BROTHERS,

General Insurance Agents, Fire, Life, Marine & Inland.

Aggregate Capital Represented, Twenty-five Millions!

73 AND 75 SECOND STREET, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Oct 1867—3m*

CHARLES M. STIEFF,

MANUFACTURER OF

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANO-FORTES, WITH THE A-GRAFFE TREBLE,

Factories, 84 and 86 Camden-St., and 45 and 47 Perry-St.

Office and Wareroom, 7 N. Liberty-St., above Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES:—Gen. R. E. Lee, Va., Gen. Rob't. Ransom, N. C., Bishop Wilmer, La., Rev. Mr. Phillips, Staunton, Va., Rev. C. B. Riddick, N. C. [Oct 1867—3m*

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

THE following extracts are from the testimony, taken under oath, in a recent case pending before the United States Patent Office, upon the actual merits of the Grover & Baker Sewing machine, and its relative merits as compared with other machines:

Mrs. Dr. McCready says:—"I have used, for nine years, a Grover & Baker Machine, and upon it I have done all kinds of family sewing for the house, for my children and husband, besides a great deal of fancy work, as braiding, quilting, and embroidering. During all that time my machine has never needed repair, except when I had the tension altered, and it is as good now as it was the first day I bought it."

* * * * * * * *

"I am acquainted with the work of all the principal machines, including Wheeler & Wilson's, Finkle & Lyon's, Wilcox & Gibbs', Ladd & Webster's, the Florence machines, and Sloat's machines, besides a number of ten dollar ones; and I prefer the Grover and Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have work now in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good; and I have never found any of my friends who have used the other machines able to say the same thing."

Mrs. Andrews testifies:—"I prefer it to all other machines I have known anything about, for the ease and simplicity with which it operates and is managed; for the perfect elasticity of the stitch; the ease with which the work can be ripped, if desired, and still retain its strength when the thread is cut, or accidently broken; its adaptation to different kinds of work, from fine to coarse, without change of needle or tension."

Mrs. Maria J. Keane, of the house of Natalie Tilman & Co., says:—"Our customers all prefer the Grover & Baker Machine, for durability and beauty of stitch."

Mrs. Jennie C. Croly ("Jenny June") says:—"I prefer it to any machine. I like the Grover & Baker Machine in the first place, because if I had any other I should still want a Grover & Baker; and having a Grover and Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a great variety of work, and it is easier to learn than any other. I like the stitch because of its beauty and strength, and because, although it can be taken out, it don't rip, not even by cutting every other stitch."

Over one hundred other witnesses in the case above referred to testified to the superiorty of the Grover & Baker Machine in the points named in substantially the same language, and thousands of letters have been received from all parts of the world, stating the same facts,

GROVER AND BAKER S. M. COMPANY,

Oct.—3t* 181 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

M. WARNER HEWES. | HENRY W. WARNER.

HEWES & WARNER,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

67 EXCHANGE PLACE,

BALTIMORE MD.

OFFICE SECOND FLOOR.

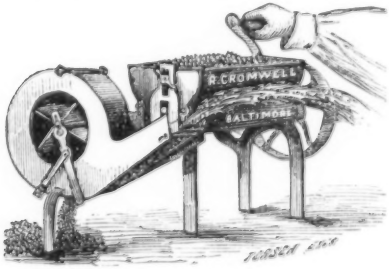
REFER TO

Gen. D. H. Hill, } { Messrs. Worthington & Lewis,
Ed. Land We Love, } { Pub. American Farmer.
Nov.—6t*

McDOWELL & BAECHTEL,

PATENT

FAMILY HOMINY MILL WITH FAN ATTACHMENT.



THIS FAMILY HOMINY MILL was invented some years since, and has constantly been improved, until it is a perfect Machine. It combines in its manufacture, Durability, Strength, Reliability, and Simplicity. It is considered the best MILL of its kind, made in America. Hundreds of farmers in all the States testify to its making "the very best Table Hominy, and say it is a complete success; and that every Farmer should buy one." As EXCLUSIVE SOLE AGENT for the United States, I keep constantly on hand, a full stock of the above MILLS: The Trade supplied at liberal discount. Full Directions accompany each Mill. Retail Price, in Baltimore, for each Mill, $8.

RICHARD CROMWELL,

Dealer in Agricultural Implements, Field and Garden Seeds, and Proprietor of Patapsco Nursery, 46 and 48 Light street, Baltimore, Md.

Nov 1867—3t

GEMS FOR THE ALBUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE.
JACKSON'S TOMB.
GEN. R. E. LEE AND AUTOGRAPH.
" R. E. LEE AND STAFF.
" R. E. LEE AT HOME.
" R. E. LEE MOUNTED ON HIS GREY.
" R. E. LEE GOING TO THE SPRINGS.
" T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.
" T. J. JACKSON AND AUTOGRAPH.
" J. E. B. STUART.
" TURNER ASHBY.
" MOSBY AND ALL OTHER SOUTHERN OFFICERS.

Photographs sent on receipt of 30 cents each.

Address, W. M. B. HARDING,
Nov 1867—1t] LEXINGTON, VA.

The Sayre Female Institute,

LEXINGTON, KY.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

M. C. JOHNSON, L.L.D
I. W. SCOTT,
G. B. KINKEAD,
HENRY BELL,
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Rev. J. D. MATTHEWS, D.D.
W. A. DUDLEY,
Prof. R. PETER,
R. HIGGINS,
Rev. W. M. PRATT, D.D.

S. R. WILLIAMS, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

Assisted by a full Corps of Competent Teachers.

The next Academical Year, consisting of two sessions of 20 weeks each, will commence on **Monday, the 9th of September, 1867,** and close the **Second week in June, 1868.**

The Course of Study embraces all the branches of education usually taught in the best Female Seminaries.

TERMS---Per Session of Five Months.

Board and Tuition—with washing, fuel, lights, etc	$150 00
Tuition for Day Scholars—Primary Department	20 00
" " " " Collegiate	25 00
Extra Charges.—Music, with use of Instrument	35 00
Drawing, $28; Painting in Water Colors, $20; in Oil	25 00
Modern Languages, each $20; Latin	10 00

☞ These charges to be paid strictly ONE-HALF IN ADVANCE. No deduction will be made for absence except in cases of protracted illness, and no pupil will be admitted for less than one session, except by special agreement.

The Sayre Institute, for the healthfulness and beauty of its location, and the completeness of its adaptation to school purposes, will compare favorably with the best literary institutions of the country.

The Grounds—5 acres in extent—are retired, elevated, well shaded and highly improved. The buildings are spacious, costly and admirably arranged for convenience and comfort. The sleeping rooms are neatly furnished and have each a dressing room attached.

The Boarders—not over 30 in number—will be treated in all respects as members of the family of the Principal. Each pupil will furnish her own towels, napkins and napkin-ring.

Further information in regard to the schools may be obtained from the Principal, or from any member of the Board of Trustees.

Nov.—1m*

VIRGINIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

SUMMER SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JUNE 16, THE MAIL TRAIN WILL BE RUN BETWEEN Richmond and the western terminus of the road (which in a few weeks will be at Covington) daily, except on Sunday, and on Sunday between Richmond and Gordonsville.

Leave Richmond	7.15 A. M.
Leave western terminus	4.23 A. M.
Arrive in Richmond	3.45 P. M.
Arrive at western terminus	6.52 P. M.
The Freight Train leaves Richmond daily, except on Saturdays, at	6.00 P. M.
Arrives in Richmond, except on Mondays	8.45 A. M.

A Passenger Car will be attached to this train east of Gordonsville.

Passengers for Augusta Springs leave the road at Staunton;

Passengers for Natural Bridge, Rockbridge Baths and Alum Springs at Goshen;

Passengers for Bath Alum, Warm, Hot, and Healing Springs at Millboro';

Passengers for White, and Salt Sulphur, and Sweet Springs at western terminus.

The arrangements with stages are such as to avoid night travel after 9 P. M. in all cases.

Through tickets sold to all the above points. Also, to all prominent points in the Southwest, to Washington and northern cities, and to prominent points in the Valley of Virginia, and on the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

H. D. WHITCOMB, General Superintendent.

Nov 1867—3t*

KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY.

—o—

ASHLAND, the home of Henry Clay, and TRANSYLVANIA, with 450 acres of beautiful grounds, the sites of the various colleges. Endowment and real estate, $650,000. Now in operation with more than 20 instructors.

1. COLLEGE OF ARTS. 2. AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE, with Military department. 3. COLLEGE OF THE BIBLE. 4. COLLEGE OF LAW. 5. COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

500 students from 20 States last session.

Entire Fees, $20 per annum; boarding, from $3.50 to $5 per week. Rooms and tuition free to poor young men. Session begins 1st of October. For catalogue or special information, address

J. B. BOWMAN, Regent,
Lexington, Ky.

Nov.—3m*

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

MAIN STREET, BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND,

CINCINNATI.

W. A. THURSTON,

(LATE OF KENTUCKY,)

PROPRIETOR.

Only one square from the Great Suspension Bridge.

Oct 1866—2t*

DAVIDSON COLLEGE,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY, N. C.,

(Twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C.,)

UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE PRESBYTERIES OF

BETHEL, CONCORD, AND FAYETTEVILLE.

The 60th SESSION of this College opened September 28, 1866. This Institution is probably the best endowed of all our Southern Colleges, and contains the largest building for the accommodation of Students. The locality is remarkably healthy. Founded in the prayers of the Presbyterian Church, the College has been blessed in sending forth many pious young men and in furnishing our Theological Seminaries with many Students.

FACULTY:

Rev. G. W. McPHAIL, D. D., PRESIDENT,
Professor of Moral Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity, and Political Economy.

Rev. E. F. ROCKWELL, M. A.,
Professor of Latin, and Modern History.

J. R. BLAKE, M. A.,
Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology.

A. McIVER, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

Rev. J. M. ANDERSON, M. A.,
Professor of Mental Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.

W. G. RICHARDSON, M. A.,
Professor of Greek and Modern Languages.

Tuition, $15 for each term of three months. Room-rent, servants' hire, &c., $10, for the same period.—Board at the Steward's Hall $14. The above charges are in currency. The use of the Scholarship is so far restored as to be available for the immediate family of the owner.

November, 1866. 1 y

ROCK ISLAND
MANUFACTURING CO,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

If you wish to supply yourselves for the

FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

with the very best description and styles of all wool

CASSIMERES,

and with the most durable

JEANS & KERSEY FABRICS,

all free from Shoddy and other impurities, order Samples from the subscriber, and they will be forwarded, with prices attached. From these

SAMPLES

you can make your selections and return your orders, and the goods will be forwarded

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

JOHN A. YOUNG, President,

Oct 1867—1t] CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Mecklenburg Female College,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

FACULTY COMPLETE AS FOLLOWS:

REV. A. G. STACY, A. M., President, and Prof. of Mental and Moral Science, and Belles Lettres.

JAMES L. JONES, A. M., (Late President of the Southern Masonic Female College) Prof. of Mathematics, Natural Science, and Ancient Languages.

J. FREDERICK RUECKERT, (Formerly of Virginia, late of Baltimore,) Prof. of Music, Vocal and Instrumental.

MONSIEUR A. GAGNIER, (Late of the College de Rouen, France, Prof. of French.

JOHNSON B. JONES, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene.

MRS. ANNA WARREN, (Of Georgia,) Assistant in Music.

MRS. EMILY R. MOORE, (Of South Carolina,) Instructress in Drawing, Painting, etc.

MISS MARY T. LEE, (Graduate of Greensboro' Female College,) Instructress in Literary Department.

MISS MAGGIE R. BUTT, (Graduate of Murfreesboro' Female College,) Instructress in Literary Department.

MISS EMMA L. BERNHEIM, (Late Teacher in Normal School, Charleston,) Principal of the Primary Department.

MRS. C. F. STACY, Superintendent of Social and Domestic Duties.

Board, with fuel, lights, and contingent fee, per session of 20 weeks, or half school year, with Tuition in Regular Course, $103—half in advance. Including music and use of Piano, $133.

The Session opened October 1st with a large number of pupils, and highly encouraging prospects. For Picture of the College see September number of "The Land We Love."

For particulars address A. G. STACY, Charlotte, N. C.

Oct.—1t.

SOUTHERN FERTILIZING COMPANY,

Richmond, Va.

COL. W. GILHAM

(FOR MANY YEARS PROF. OF CHEMISTRY V. M. INST.)

CHEMIST,

Keep Constantly on hand

OLD DOMINION FERTILIZER,

An Ammoniated Super-phosphate of Lime, containing 4 per cent. Ammonia,

PHOSPHO-PERUVIAN GUANO,

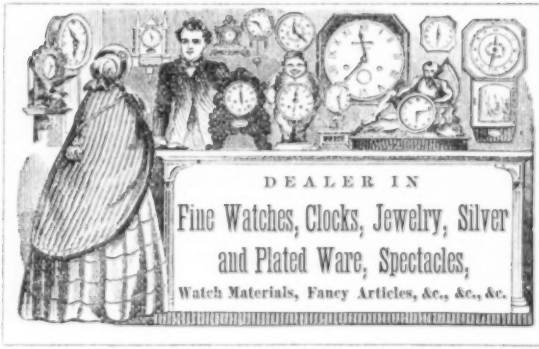
A manipulated Guano, containing 8 per cent. Ammonia,

Pure ground Plaster.

TERMS CASH.—Orders respectfully solicited.

J. T. BUTLER,

Watch and Clock Maker,



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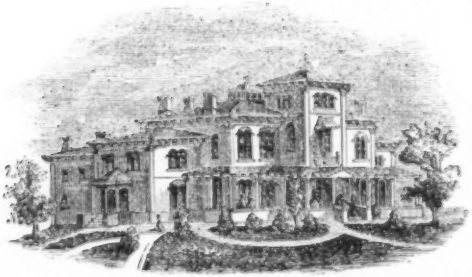

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Edited by

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DECEMBER, 1867.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

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No. II. DECEMBER, 1867. Vol. IV.

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